

A N A L E C T S

I N

VERSE AND PROSE,

CHIEFLY

DRAMATICAL, SATIRICAL,

AND PASTORAL.

VOL. II.

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SECRET

THORNTON LABORATORY

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THORNEY, LABEN, AND DOLEIN,

A P A S T O R A L.

Dolein, complaining of his melancholy state, as he sits beneath a bending willow, that shades a brook, is observed by Thorney and Laben, who hear him bewailing his misfortunes to the stream; they interrupt him, lest his passion should drive him to desperation, and to death.

THORNEY.

STAY, Laben stay, see'st thou not yonder swain?
Methinks I hear him too, in grief complain,
Stranger he is to me, but yet I'll know
The cause, from whence those strains of anguish
 flow;
He oft has pass'd my cot by break of day,
And as he mov'd, some doleful strain he'd play.

B 2

LABEN.

LABEN.

Well does he tune his pipe, for yester-morn
 I saw him roam on yonder brow forlorn,
 Anon he sat him down beneath a tree,
 And play'd such sweet and plaintive melody,
 'The groves were hush'd, the linnets on the plains,
 Forgot their own, and listen'd to his strains.

THORNEY.

Fair too he seems, and comely in his form,
 What pity 'tis, that sorrow should bestorm
 A breast so mild, and rob his seemly face,
 Of every smile, and every youthful grace.—
 Alas, alas, what new afflictions rise !
 Fast stream again his sad uplifted eyes.

LABEN.

As the pale snow-drop, on its chilly bed
 Bending to earth its melancholy head,
 So freezing care inclines him to the earth,
 Ere time has brought maturity to birth,
 See how he heaves, and with desponding look,
 Turns his sad eyes upon the heedless brook.

THORNEY.

THORNEY.

Alas, alas, his dread intent I fear,
 Too plain, too plain the symptoms now appear ;
 O let us fly, and ere it be too late,
 Heal his poor bosom, and prevent his fate,
 Stop, if we can, the rapid floods of grief,
 And if he'll take, we'll give his wants relief.

DOLEIN.

Ah me! methought, some friendly accents near,
 With earnest voice, came whisp'ring to my ear :
 'Twas fancy spoke, that gave my wish a tongue,
 But hope too long has on my patience hung ;
 No man shall see my tears, none hear me groan,
 No tongue shall tell my tale, I'll die alone.

THORNEY.

Live, shepherd live, and be thy woes forgot,
 Fate has in store for thee a better lot,
 For lo, this swain and I are come to save,
 And step between thy sorrows and the grave ;
 Tell us thy tale, that we may share thy grief,
 And give thy laden bosom some relief.

B 3

LABEN.

LABEN.

Look not amazed, thou solitary swain,
 Shew us the cause, the fountain of thy pain,
 That we as swift as stock-doves on the wing,
 May stop at once the fountain and the spring:
 My cot's hard by, there go and seek repose,
 Till thou shalt please thy story to disclose.

DOLEIN.

Ye gentle-hearted swains that sympathize,
 And view my wretched plight with flooded eyes,
 Ah, would it aught to me or you avail,
 I'd tell you o'er and o'er my woeful tale:
 Too sad, are now my sorrows, to relate,
 Too long the story, and too sure my fate,
 For death alone must my physician prove,
 I've lost my herds, my lambkins, and my love.

THORNEY.

Cease, cease thou sad, thou melancholy swain,
 To sigh, to weep, to wander and complain;
 Nor yet despair, because forlorn and poor,
 We've got to spare, and thou shalt share our store,
 If death hath robb'd thee of thy constant love,
 Some other maid may yet as constant prove.

DGLIEN.

DOLEIN.

It cannot be, my firm resolve is made,
 My heart is with her in the billows laid,
 The cruel floods have wash'd her from my side,
 I saw her floating on the dreadful tide,
 This frame no more shall keep my soul a slave,
 Like her I'll die, within a watry grave.

LABEN.

Rash swain, forbear, thy stars may yet be kind,
 The waves may pity, and the sighing wind
 May waft her yet surviving on the shore;
 Hope, and the fates, may yet thy love restore;
 Then look more chearful, thou desponding swain,
 Thou yet may meet her on the usual plain.

DOLEIN.

Thou best of friends, thou'lt reason'd me to life,
 Thou'lt set my greatest doubts with hope at strife;
 I will suspend awhile my rash design,
 The winds and waves may yet my love resign,
 May yet in pity to my mad'ning pain,
 Let me behold Phidele's eyes again.

PASTORAL

P A S T O R A L II.

Dolein sees Phidele laying on a sunny bank, as yet but half recovered from the fright and fury of the flood, he is transported into inexpressible extacy, and joy; he is going too precipitately to throw himself before her, but is persuaded by Thorney and Laben to desist awhile, for fear the sudden joy might overcome her; they first apprize her of her Dolein's being safe and well, then soon afterwards, introduce him.

DOLEIN.

DEceive me not, my sad, my wishful eyes,
It is Phidele sure, that yonder lies:
She breathes! she breathes! — ye blessed Fates how
kind!

Thanks to my stars, the waters and the wind!
O let me fly, the lovely maid to chear,
And whisper joy and comfort in her ear.

THORNEY.

THORNEY.

Yet hold fond swain, nor let excess of joy,
 Nor greedy love, thy living hopes destroy.
 Life faintly seems to glimmer in her eyes,
 And soon may be extinguished with surprize,
 Let this kind swain and I, with tender care,
 First shew the coming pleasure, to the fair.

DOLEIN.

O fly then, dearest friends, ere't be too late,
 Evade, evade, the threat'ning hand of fate,
 From your sweet counsel 'tis, that I survive,
 And see my dear Phidele yet alive ;
 On your sweet counsel, Dolein still depends,
 Blest be the stars, that sent him two such friends.

LABEN.

Like mild physicians, we'll address the maid,
 Who sooth the dying, when in anguish laid,
 To calm the tides of sorrow and despair,
 We'll talk of thee, and chear the drooping fair ;
 Then when her breast is temper'd for the scene,
 We'll say her shepherd comes across the green.

DOLEIN.

DOLEIN.

Succeed ; and heaven be your next reward,
 May angels all your friendly deeds record,
 May months of joy, and years of love repay
 The faith and friendship, you have shewn to-day.
 My grateful heart, my ebbing eyes o'erflows,
 Say, how shall Dolein pay the debt he owes ?

THORNEY.

Behold the fair one press her swelling breast,
 As if by phrenzy or by love distress'd ;
 I'll on and wipe away each scalding tear,
 And tell the maiden, that her lover's near :
 Look chearful, shepherd, and thou soon shalt see,
 We'll crown thy hours with felicity.

LABEN.

Sweet maid, give ear, I come with no pretence
 To gain thy love, or give thy heart offence,
 Thy sorrows and thy story well I know,
 I come, my mite of friendship to bestow ;
 To cheer thy soul, to heal each doubt and pain,
 To tell thee of thy living, weeping swain.

PHIDELE.

PHIDELE.

Blest be thy tongue, thou hospitable swain,
 No bird e'er warbled in so sweet a strain.
 Does Dolein live? my heart is heal'd with joy,
 Shall I again behold my plaintive boy?
 Alas, I thought him in the billows laid,
 And wish'd to die beneath some gloomy shade.

THORNEY.

Behold he comes impatient o'er the plain,
 To meet his fair Phidele once again.
 Smile, lovely maid, and throw thy fears away,
 Thou yet shalt hear him on the mountain play,
 Again your flocks shall feed in yonder vale,
 Again, by moon-light, hear the nightingale.

DOLEIN.

My lov'd Phidele has the waves controul'd!
 Ye blessed Fates, and do I yet enfold
 My dear Phidele in my welcome arms;
 The floods were sure asswaged by thy charms,
 The winds were sure subdu'd by thy sweet eyes,
 And yielded Dolein back his darling prize.

PHIDELE.

PHIDELE.

At Dolein's voice the threat'ning winds were hush'd,
Thro' dark'ning clouds the conscious Phœbus
blush'd,

The waves that shook the willows with their roar,
In pity wash'd me to the welcome shore;
In pity sure, my shepherd, 'twas to you,
For sure no shepherd yet was half so true.

THE

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THOMAS

THE
COTTAGERS,
AN
OPERA:
IN
THREE ACTS.

VOL. II.

C

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRAINLY, *a Country 'Squire.*

CELON, *a young Shepherd.*

HYLAS, *Father to Celon.*

SIMON, *his Cousin.*

TRUSTY, *Steward to Brainly.*

First Reaper.

Second Reaper.

Third Reaper.

Hermit.

A little Boy, his Son.

Traveller.

Thieves.

WOMEN,

Mrs. BRAINLY, *Wife to 'Squire Brainly.*

EDDIE, *her Daughter.*

Housebreakers. Attendants on the 'Squire.

T H E
C O T T A G E R S.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Brainly's House.*

Enter Brainly, Mrs. Brainly and Trusty.

Brainly.

ALONG with Celon, say you? I'm astonish'd!
O she's a forward young Hussy! but I'll stop
her gadding;—Are you sure of this? [*To Trusty.*

Trusty. Yes, truly, Sir, for she has been out
for this month past, at four and five o'clock
in the morning; I could not think where she
went to, till the other day, when going o'er the
green pastures; there I saw Celon and her,
billing and cooing like too young pidgeons.

Brain. Indeed? odds my life, I remember
now;—ah, she's a coaxing young pug; that's
where she gets her posies from I suppose, which

she comes holding up to my nose in a morning, with a how do you do? my dear papa, [*Mimicks her*] O the jade!

Tru. I thought it were best to tell your worship, least some harm might come of it.

Mrs. Brain. A mighty industrious soul indeed! thou had'st better have been minding thy own business, I think, than to strive like an ill-natur'd fool, to set my child and her father at variance.

Brain. Hold your tongue, pray madam, and let him speak; he sees her follies, tho' you can't, and 'tis honest in him to tell me of them.

Mrs. Brain. Why sure *Mr. Brainly*, I may speak in my turn.

Brain. 'Tis not your turn yet Madam.

Mrs. Brain. I am sorry my dear, to see you so angry,—don't think that I approve of her proceedings; no, far be it from me; but I can't help taking notice how ready the fellow is to tell you of her faults; for he sees they work upon you to excess, and you are as eager to hear what gives you so much pain; if he had generously told me of it before, I wou'd have put a stop to it ere now, and you might have escap'd all this uneasiness; for if our children are to
bear

bear the censure of our servants, what child will escape slander? I don't doubt what he has said to be true; but while he sees it feeds your anger, and he finds himself listen'd to, he may turn surmises into facts, and she may be stigmatiz'd where e'er she goes, as being guilty of what she never dreamt of.

Brain. Well, well, it does not signify holding this harrangue about her,—I'm determin'd to have her kept at home, and then I'm sure she'll be safe, let the world then say what it pleases;—go fetch her hither Trusty.

[*Exit. Trusty.*]

Mrs. Brain. Marry I doubt it much, e'en then; and whether the creature (that has taken so much pains to tell you her faults) would not be the first in the world that would strive to make her guilty of another; for I know he's very sweet upon her when our backs are turn'd.

Brain. Poh, poh, what do you think the fellow's a fool?

Mrs. Brain. No, but I think he would make a fool of you, and I, and the whole family, if he could.

Brain. Pshaw, pshaw, I see you have some antipathy to the poor young fellow, because

he's honest, and so want me to turn him about his business; but here he comes, [*Enter Trusty*] Well firrah, what's the reason you did not bring Eddie with you?

Tru. Why in good truth I cannot find her.

Brain. Not find her! why what the plague is the wench set out already?

Tru. O yes Sir, she's been up and gone these three hours.

Brain. Has she indeed? I fancy I shall fetch her home again in half that time, if Cupid has not furnish'd her wings.—Come along with me Trusty.—My dear you may expect us here again presently. [*Exeunt Brainly and Trusty.*]

Mrs. Brain. I wish you success with all my heart,—poor foolish girl! I pity her; 'tis natural—for the heart will follow where the eye is pleas'd. [*Exit. Mrs. Brainly.*]

S C E N E II.

Celon and Eddie seated in a pasture.

Edd. 'Tis the fairest morn I ever saw; I warrant they are all asleep at home, but hardly dream that I am here with you.

Celon.

Celon. O let 'em sleep until the sun sets again, then I shall have my Eddie with me all the day.

A I R I.

Cel. *Thy father and thy mother sleeps—*

There Love has had his fill ;

And Eddie to her Celon creeps,

When all the plains are still ;

The sun and Eddie rise at once,

And gild the hills around ;

The lark awakens at her steps,

And leaves the dewy ground.

My lambkins skip at her approach,

And all their dams look gay ;

While Zephyr, in his airy coach,

Upon the tree-tops play.

Edd. If my father shou'd e'er suspect my coming hither, I'm afraid he'd never let me come again ; wou'd you not pity me ?

Cel. I shou'd pine myself to death, and be like a wandering lunatic in despair : for when you are from me but an hour, I think that every flower looks drooping, and every bird fits mourning for your return.

Edd.

Edd. Be witness for me all ye hills and groves, how dear I prize my Celon's love, not all the wealth my father boasts, should rob me of that joy.

A I R II.

Edd. O grant us thus to meet each morn,
Upon so fair a plain,
Where linnets whistle on each thorn,
In love's melodious strain.

*While Celon whispers notes more sweet
Than ever linnet sung,
And thus each morn such blessings meet,
As fall from Celon's tongue.*

Cel. Wou'd to-morrow were our wedding day, I long to call thee mine, I've had sad dreams of late; but I hope they tend to nothing ill towards us.

Edd. Pray tell me what they were, and I'll be your interpreter,

Cel. Not now my love, they'll prey upon thy gentle spirits, and dash our promis'd joys. Let us go to yonder valley now, and pick the sweetest flowers there, blue-bells and violets, that I may weave a crownet for my queen.

Edd.

Edd. E'en where you please, nor will I e'er complain, so I go with you;—here [*pulls out a book*] I've brought thee another book this morning, 'tis the prettiest I could find; and thou shalt read it to me.

Cel. You're ever kind—But I fear my love you'll get some anger from your father, if he should chance to miss it—What is it you have brought me now?

Edd. The Nut-brown Maid. [*gives him the book*] my father ne'er will miss it, he minds nothing but his horses and his dogs; so pray thee sit down and read it to me.

Cel. Nay, but you must excuse me now; I can read it when you are gone; now it will be killing too much precious time.

A I R III.

Cel. *Whilst thou art here I cease to read,
Throw by my pipe, forget my reed,
Nothing on earth such pleasures bring,
As when I hear my Eddie sing.*

*For when thou'rt gone, I'll learn from this,
When I no more can toy and kiss,
How other shepherds bore their pain,
Until they meet their loves again.*

Edd.

Edd. Very well, Celon.

Cel. Nay be not angry, I own I'm much oblig'd to you for these indulgencies; and but from the instruction of those volumes you have brought me, I should have been a poor companion for my *Eddie*; they have, in some measure, taught me how to please; to know my humble situation blest when you are with me, and more serenely to bear the pain when you are gone.

Eddie. Listen! listen! methought I heard the voice of some one near; and now I see 'em too. O! 'tis Trusty and my father.

Cel. They have beheld us, and 'twill be in vain to fly. Alas! what shall we do!—how could this happen?

Brainly within.) I see you, you jade, I'll stop your strolling, I will hussy; [*Enters*] and as for thee, thou sheep-biting dog, I'll have thee sent into another country, [*takes Eddie from him.*]

Cel. It matters not where you send me, or where I go, since you have taken her away.

[*looking tenderly on Eddie.*]

Brain. The boy's certainly in love? I'gad it grieves me to see them look so pitifully at each other; I could find in heart to leave 'em together again.

Bru.

Tru. Aye truly 'tis a pity, Sir, but consider the consequence, it will be the talk of the whole country, that 'Squire Brainly's daughter is courted by a shepherd.

Brain. Ods-bud and so it will ; come, huffy, come ;—thou may'st stay behind and whine a little, [*to Celon.*]

Edd. Dear father permit me to take a parting kifs !

Brain. A parting kifs ! what before my face ! why they've bewitch'd one another, I believe ! No, no, no, no more kissing here ? come along ; and if you can't live without kissing, there's your great doll at home, you may kifs and hug that all day if you please, come away I say.

Edd. O can you forget yourself, or did you never love ; surely if you did, you would not practice so hard a trial for so small a crime.

A I R IV.

Edd. *Adieu my love, ye flocks adieu,
Farewell ye happy plains,
More blest than I, by far are you,
While Celon here remains.*

Farewell

*Farewell ye little warblers all,
Ye larks that upward rise,
No more shall I attend your call,
Or meet my Celon's eyes.*

Brain. Come along I say, or I'll break thy neck.

Cel. O do not hurt her, for indeed she's done no harm.

Brain. If thou hast done her none, I shall be satisfied, and I'll take care thou shalt do her none hereafter. *[Exeunt all but Celon.]*

Cel. This is the forest wound I ever felt; would she had been as poor as myself, or that I had been a squire's son.

A I R V.

Cel. Unequal fortune, equal fate,
Was ever lot like mine?
Thus high and low in ev'ry state,
Beneath some grief repine.

*The rich are curst with fears and pride,
The poor man with despair;
The lover's patience oft is try'd
By some unfeeling fair.*

But

*But mine's the worst of woes indeed;
The maid that I adore, w
Is by a father's hand decreed,
Never to see me more,*

S C E N E III.

*Brainly's House. Enter Brainly, Trusty, and
Eddie.*

Brain. Here Mrs. Brainly, we've brought your daughter home, and I desire you'll make it your business to keep her there so long as she lives, — what piping again, what the devil ails thee now?

Edd. Have I not cause to weep, to hear myself doom'd a prisoner for life, and by my father too?

Brain. You'd better be a pris'ner here huffy, with a good house over your head, and victuals in your belly, than strolling the mountains, and starving under a hedge, along with that booby you'd got along with this morning.

Mrs. Brain. What cou'd induce thee, child, to make so strange a choice?

Edd. His gentle nature, besides he loves me dearly as himself.

Brain. No doubt but he loves himself well enough ; but what do'st think he loves thee for, hey, fool ?

Edd. For loving him, which I will do for ever.

Brain. So, so, so, so, there's for you now ! take her out of my sight, or I shall certainly do her a mischief ;—O you wanton young jade ; go take her up stairs, and lock her in her bed-chamber directly.

[Exit. Mrs. Brainly and Eddie.]

Brainly sings.

A I R VI.

Was ever father living,

So distress'd as I ;

These women are deceiving

As the very sky ;

They first look clear,

And promise fair,

Then rises up a cloud,

That covers all the atmosphere,

And thunders burst aloud.

[Exit. Brainly and Trusty.]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Celon by the side of a wood.

Cel. I'll rest me here a little, nothing that I see
or hear will give me comfort now. [*comes forward.*

A I R : VII.

Cel. Full eighteen years I lived in bliss,

Upon yon verdant plain,

From many a maid I stole a kiss,

But never felt a pain.

'Till Eddie's face I first beheld,

I knew nor grief nor care ;

My eyes against my heart rebell'd,

If e'er I shed a tear.

Enter Hylas and Simon in Conversation.

Hylas. I tell thee the girl has made her escape,
by the help of a tree, that hung against her
window, for somebody has told her that Celon
was fled into another country, and I am sorely
afraid I shall find it too true.

Ed. True thou'lt find it indeed, if Eddie is gone, I'll search every country round but I will find her. *[Aside & Exit.*

Sin. Marry luck forbid, cousin, for I lov'd him as if he had been a child of my own, and did intend to have left him all that I had when I died.

Hyl. Ha, thou art very kind; for though I say it, he had as much to say for himself as the parson o' the parish; if I could but set eyes on him again, I should be easy; I han't seen him since four o'clock in the morning, and if I don't find him before night, I shall break my heart.

Sim. I'fecks I think I see him yonder, running across the meadow.

Hyl. Where, where?

Sim. Yonder loo'theet'other side that largetree.

Hyl. Odds heart and so it is; pray thee cousin, for thou canst run faster than me, go thou before, and I'll after and halloo lustily behind. *[Exeunt.*

Enter three Reapers.

1st. Reap. Come along, come along, and be hang'd to you, what a yawning you make, indeed, why now because you've got your bellies full, I suppose you have not a heart to go to work again.

2d. Reap.

2d. Reap. 'Swounds what a din' thou mak'st indeed, thy bawling beats my yawning I'm sure; one would think thou hadst not had thy belly full this month past; I'fecks I'm afraid thou art one of those I heard our old dame talking of t'other day, more noise than work.

3d. Reap. No, no I suppose he only wants to get his work done before he begins, that he may go a sweat-hearting; for as soon as he gets home, he begins to make such a washing and combing of himself, with his ribbands at his knees, and his buckles at his sho'en, that he ne'er gives himself time to eat or drink, but out he goes to rosey fac'd *Sue*, down by the mill.

2d. Reap. Aye, aye, I suppose he gets his belly-full there. I believe in my heart folks are bewitch'd, now-a-days, there's the dickens to pay, about *Celon* and the 'squire's daughter; this love's as bad as a plague, I think, its catching.

1st. Reap. Take care it does not catch thee then; it has many a time caught a wiser man.

2d. Reap. I'fecks if it does, I know how to cure myself.

1st. Reap. I don't doubt but thou hast a good opinion of thyself.

2d. *Reap.* Marry if one don't like me, I'll seek out for another.

1st. *Reap.* And love ne'er a one above an hour.

A I R VIII.

A foolish lover like a child,

That with a toy doth play,

Who's gaudy sides his heart beguil'd.

And pleas'd him for a day.

But if by chance his wand'ring eyes,

Another shou'd survey,

The last is thought a golden prize,

The first is thrown away.

3d. *Reap.* Heigh, ho; this love is a strange thing, I think.

2d. *Reap.* No, no, there's nothing so common. I heard our parson say the world was grown foolish, and this is a sure sign he sometimes speaks the truth.

3d. *Reap.* Why so I think indeed, Celon must be a fool now to think of marrying the 'Squire's daughter, I warrant the 'Squire would see him hang'd first.

2d. *Reap.* And must not she be a fool to think of

of marrying Celon ; why this makes good the text ; the world's grown foolish, and they're two of the greatest ; I think in my heart they're even worse than this fool here.

1st. Reap. Fool ! who dost thou call fool ; if it were not now for losing so much time, I'd shew thee who was the greatest fool.

3d Reap. 'Swounds what a passion he's in, I've heard say these lovers grow mad sometimes, if you shou'd teaze him too much, perhaps he'll grow mad too, and then I suppose he'll be for biting.

2d. Reap. Aye, aye, let him alone, let him alone, he may kiss and court all the guts out of his belly, for what I care.

3d. Reap. Come let's to work again, or we shall have the sun down ere we begin.

2d. Reap. Troth and so it will, and it won't get up at thy bidding again, but that shan't give me any uneasiness :

A I R IX.

*My heart is my own,
And a stranger to care,
Content is my throne,
I sit without fear.*

*At night I retire,
With health and with ease;
The lasses admire,
And study to please.*

*But if I don't find
They'll please in their part,
'T may fire the mind,
But shan't touch the heart.*

1st. Reap. That was my mind once, but I cou'd not help changing it.

3d. Reap. That's a sure sign you kind of creatures never know your own minds.

2d. Reap. Why that's true enough; Celon us'd to swear and protest he'd never marry, and now you see how well he keeps his word.

3a. Reap. And he may'nt be the happier for all he's so great with the 'Squire's daughter; for they say there's nothing but snarling and biting among the gentryfolkes.

A I R X.

*The poor with content,
Are richer by far,
'Than a king in his tent,
Or a lord at the bar.*

No

*No fear of being worse,
E'er troubles his breast &
Tho' empty his purse,
At night he can rest.*

*No armies o'erthrown,
No causes ill try'd,
Shall e'er make me groan,
Or turn for a bribe.*

2d. Reap. Hold, hold, who are these coming
across the barley field.

1st. Reap. Odds life I'll be hang'd, if it ben't,
our master and his cousin.

2d. Reap. Let us sneak off then, as fast as
we can.

1st. Reap. No, no, they see us now, and we'd
better stay and know the worst on't.

3d. Reap. The dickens take your sweet-
hearting I say, I suppose there'll be the duce
to pay.

2d. Reap. What a pack of fools we look like
now.

Enter

Enter Hylas and Simon.

Hyl. What in the name of old nick do ye all here, has any of you seen Celon lately?

3d. Reap. No not we master, we han't not seen him these two days.

Hyl. Why go seek him then, and he that finds him first shall have a holliday for a week.

2d. Reap. Shall he master, I'fecks then I'll give a good look out, and bring him home an I can.

Hyl. Away with you then. [*Exeunt Reapers.*] Come cousin, thee and I'll go and get us a horse a piece, and we'll fet out too; wayst-heart I've run myself almost out of breath already, and I don't know how soon I may want a little.

[*Exeunt Hylas and Simon.*]

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hermit's Cave.*

A Hermit, and Crito a little boy his son appears.

Crito.

YOu've often told me, I shou'd see the place where I was born, and where my mother died : believe me Sir, I should like it much; I think I've seen it an hundred times in dreams already, and if indeed it be so pleasing in reality as in dreams, I'm sure it must by far excel this sad dwelling.

Herm. I'm afraid indeed thou'll think it so, therefore it is, I fear to let thee go.

Crit. Why fear? do you think I wou'd not come again.

Herm. I hope so, but there's a thousand little play-fellows wou'd rival me, and thou wou'dst want to stay thee there.

Crit. Indeed they shou'd not, I'd rather stay here all my days than you shou'd be in fear,

Herm.

Herm. Thou art my cherub again for that;
and e'er a month I'll let thee go.

[*Eddie crosses the cave.*]

Crit. O well-a-day, do but turn about, and
see what's passing cross the cave.

Herm. A woman, or a fairy, I'll speak to her,
however.

Crit. Believe me Sir, she seems in sorrow.

Herm. Peace with thee fair one, if thou wilt
deign to tell, whither dost thou sojourn?

Edd. Alas! I cannot; first tell me stranger,
who e'er thou art, (for thou bear'st the face of
friendship) did'st thou not see a lovely shepherd,
sad as myself, pass this way.

Herm. In truth fair maid no human form, save
this of thine, has pass'd this cave these many
years.

Edd. Alas! I'm fore distress'd.

Her. If thou dar'st trust me with thy story,
I'll promise thee all the aid that I can give.

Edd. I thank thee; nor do I think that I
should fear to trust thee, for thou bear'st as kind
a face as e'er I saw, save his I look for; for O
he is the gentlest swain that ever smil'd on maid,
I first beheld him tending on his father's sheep
upon a mountain's brow; he humbly bow'd
and

and with a gentle look he stole my willing heart, and I as willing gave my hand; he knelt and kiss'd it; and, with more than shepherd's grace, told me how much he lov'd; I believ'd him because he wept, then sigh'd and took my leave; but ev'ry morning e'er the sun beams kiss'd the dimpl'd brook, I stole to him again. So happy we, like two fair vessels on a calm sea borne, long sail'd together; till my father's angry hand, like a rude tempestuous wave, dash'd us both asunder.

Herm. Alas I pity you; what was your lover's name?

Edd. Celon.

[*Crito weeps.*]

Herm. What is it child that makes thee weep?

Crit. The story that she told you.

Herm. I love thee for thy mother's spirit, just so would she o'erflow, when e'er she heard of suffering virtue.

Edd. I love him too for his friendly tears, come and let me kiss thee; my heart is full of gratitude, but I've no means of recompence, save tear for tear. Alas! I must yet go on, for while I live, I will pursue my love, if ever I return, I'll make you some amends.

VOL II.

E

Crit.

Crit. Pray don't go, my father will be very kind.

Herm. Let me intreat you to stay a little, this boy is my only child, the only comfort I have on earth, he shall attend you; there is a mountain, whose lofty head o'erlooks the country round for many a mile, thither shall he go, and with his young discerning eyes, try if he can see which way your Celon wanders.— I prithee Crito go this instant, and if thou shou'dst any one chance to see, wind thou thy horn, and beckon them to stay. [*Exit Crito*] Mean while I wou'd advise that you retire into yon harbour, and rest yourself, till I go and seek for something that may comfort you.

Edd. Indeed you are too kind, I have not deserv'd these indulgencies from you, but since you have promis'd to be my friend, I do not know a time that I ever stood so much in need of one.

Herm. Be chearful, and doubt not, but ere long we shall hear some tidings of your Celon.

[*Exit Hermit.*]

Edd. Then you will be a friend indeed.

A I R XI.

Ye nodding forests, verdant plains,

Ye limpid brooks that murmur by,

In your retreats there yet remains

A friend to sad calamity. [Exit Eddie.]

S C E N E II.

A Heath. Enter Brainly, Trusty, &c.

Brain. We're certainly on the right road my lads; but hold, who have we here, a fellow traveller? perhaps he may give us some intelligence; I'll enquire however.

Enter Passenger.

Save thee friend, whither be'st going?

Passen. To the first cottage I can find; for I have had a long day's journey of it, and have not seen a dwelling, where I cou'd get me any refreshment.

Brain. Nor did'st not meet with any body on the road?

Paffen. Yes, waystheart, a lovely youth, almost in despair.

Brain. And didst thou not speak with him then?

Paffen. Yes, that I did, and wish I cou'd have been his friend.

Brain. Why; what was his complaint then?

Paffen. Alas-a-day, he told me he had lost the sweetest maid on earth, and came this way in search of her.

Brain. Did he so? 'Slife that must be Celon, here I'll give thee this purse, if thou'lt tell me where he's gone.

Paffen. Alas, I cannot tell thee, for when I could give him no intelligence of his love, he left me; I stood awhile and watch'd him, and when he got to yonder oak, that dips its brim into the brook, he sat down and drank of the cold stream, then rose again, and made his way to the top of yonder hill; and turning round seem'd to search with his eyes all the vales below. Anon (as if he had some one seen) he hurry'd off again; but descending on the other side, I lost sight of him.

Brain. We'll after him directly; as for thee
my

my friend, thou wilt find a cottage hard by,
take this and get thee some refreshment.

Passen. Good luck attend thee for thy kindness. [Exit Passenger.]

Brain. Come along lads, we're upon the right scent, and if we should start the puss, we'll run her down and take her home alive.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

S C E N E III.

The Hermit's Cave.

Enter Hermit and Eddie. [*Crito is seen by 'em.*]

Herm. Lo! here comes Crito, I hope he brings some news.

Edd. I doubt there's none of Celon.

Herm. Doubt not, [*Enter Crito*] welcome my darling; well what hast seen.

Crit. A man, who is making towards the cave; I saw him straying near the mighty cliff; and then, as you desir'd, did wind my horn; I wav'd my hand, he answer'd thus, and then set off with speed this way.

Herm. Now what think you fair-one?

Edd. It certainly is my Celon; and yet I think it almost impossible; but if it should some other prove, I fain would not be feen.

Herm. Therefore least it should, I would advise, that you retire again into the cave, 'till I have made some sure proof.

Edd. I will,—but pray if it should prove my love indeed, let it not be a moment ere you call me forth again.

Herm. You may be assur'd of that; haste, haste, methinks I hear his footsteps near already.

Edd. I'm gone—Alas I tremble so my legs will scarcely bear me. [Ex. Eddie.]

Crit. See father, he's entering the cave.

Herm. He bears the form that she describes. [Enter Celon] Welcome youth, most welcome, I invite thee for my guest; thou seem'st weary; I shall be glad to be thy comforter.

Cel. I thank you—weary I am indeed, in search of what I fear I ne'er shall see again.

Herm. Never despair, nothing is ever lost beyond our hopes but reputation. Is it for the living that you seek?

Cel. Living she was last night, and well.

Herm.

Herm. It is a woman then; what is the fair one's name?

Cel. Eddie. Fair as the cristal stream.

[*Hermit whispers Crito.*

Herm. You'd know her then, no doubt, were you to see her?

Cel. Why do you ask me that? Is it possible I could not know the thing I saw but yesterday?

Herm. Say, do you know that fair-one?

[*Crito and Eddie appear.*

Cel. Know her! O ye miraculous powers, 'tis my Eddie! [*He runs and embraces her.*

Edd. Celon! O I scarcely can believe that I'm awake.

Herm. I bear witness you are not in a dream, and am glad that I have partly been the means of all this happiness.

Cel. O may you be blest with every thing that's good, what shall we do to make you some amends?

Herm. I am already satisfied in seeing you so happy.

Edd. He shall be our father, and we will stay here all our days, and Crito too shall be my brother.

Herm.

Herm. Say, Crito, wouldst thou not like to have a sister?

Crito. Yes, and I should like to have a brother too.

Herm. 'Tis well replied; but now it grieves me that I have none but homely fare, that you might eat with me.

Cel. We are in no need; this is feast enough for me, I have no room for any thing but love.

A I R XII.

The heart when thirsty with desire,

No draught can quench the burning fire,

Until the spark that caus'd the flame,

'Presented to the eye again;

But when it comes again to view,

The soul with transport will renew

It's native ease, and fill the breast,

As mine is now, with Eddie blest.

Edd. I feel no pain, nor hunger, but my sighs have made me thirsty.

Herm. Go, Crito, to the spring, and haste back again. [*Ex. Crito*] Pardon my offering you so cool a cordial, it is the best this world affords me.

Edd.

Edd. It will be receiv'd as kindly as the most costly one; and on condition I might stay me here with Celon, I could content me with it all my days.

A I R XIII.

Eddie. *I will stay here all my life,*

When I am my Celon's wife;

We'll taste each spring,

And dance and sing,

Across the hills so green;

Thou shalt be my lord and king.

And I will be thy queen.

Celon. *At night when all the world's asleep,*

I'll go fetch thee all my sheep;

I'll watch the dams,

Thou feed the lambs,

And so we'll spend each day;

Our father here shall join our hands,

And thou shalt cry obey.

Edd. I'm glad they've drove us hither now, for here we can love in their despite, nor fear their parting us again.

Herm.

Herm. I fear the trial will prove worse than the idea; the hard means of life you will be oblig'd to submit to here, will I fear dash your future hopes; but believe me you are welcome as the morning.

Cel. We are assur'd of that, and free from danger, they'll hardly find us here—therefore we'll risque whatever else may happen.

A I R XIV.

Since luck has brought us here together,

I fear nor cold nor stormy weather.

With this lov'd mate, I fear no fate,

That may hereafter threat my state,

The band to-day that brought us here,

May send us comfort all the year.

Enter Crito.

Crit. Returning home from the well, I saw four travellers coming on this way; and, seeing me, they ey'd me to the cave.

Herm. More miracles? 'tis very strange, I now begin to fear some sad event.

Cel.

Cel. Some travellers, I suppose, that have lost their way, and followed Crito for intelligence.

Herm. Some *ignis fatuus* sure has drawn the world this way.

Edd. Let us retire.

Cel. Be not afraid my love, we've no enemies here.

Brain. [*within.*] Here they are my lads, here they are; make haste or they'll give us the slip again. [*Eddie faints*] Hey day, who have we here!

Enter Brainly, the rest following him.

Tru. The devil and one of his imps, I believe, only they've hid their cloven feet.

Brain. Odds heart, my child is dying, help some of you help, to hold her up.—O thou damn'd dog, I wish thou hadst been hang'd a twelvemonth ago, thou'st kill'd my child, thou hast thou dog, [*pushes Celon away.*] my dear, my Eddie, [*Eddie coming to life*] poor creature! how she pants! softly, softly, she's coming to herself again. [*fanning her with his bat*] How is it with thee? thy father is not angry with thee child, come, come, don't be frightn'd, thou shan't be hurt.

Edd.

Edd. (weeping) My father! O well-a-day—
where is my Celon, you wont kill him I hope.

Brain. Kill him! no not I! tho' I don't care
how soon he was hang'd.

Edd. Alas, alas, you said you was not angry,
and now you've forgot your saying.

Brain. No, not with you child, I came to fetch
you home; but we'll leave him to find his way
himself.

Edd. Nay pray let him go with me too.

Brain. No, no, not I indeed, I'm not so fond
of his company.

Edd. Nor wont you let me see him when at
home?

Brain. Not if I can help it, we'll have no
more visiting of witches and wizards here; nay
he may be the devil for ought I know.

Edd. Did not you say just now you wou'd be
kind?

Brain. So I think I am, for taking you
away and carrying you to a good home again.

Edd. If that is kindness, I'd rather you
wou'd be unkind, and let me stay here all my
life.

Brain. So I suppose; no, no, I did not come
all this way for nothing, so come along, since
you

you don't know when you are doing wrong, I shall make bold to tell you when you don't do right.

Edd. Farewell my dearest Celon, farewell, I shall——

Brain. Come, come, no whining; a short parting's always best, so help me some of you to force her away. [*Exeunt Brainly, &c. with Eddie.*]

Cel. Farewell, most lovely maid, my heart shall follow thee where'er thou goest,—O most unnatural father!

A I R XV.

*O Cupid God of love,
Take now a wretched pair,
Beneath thy friendly care;
Use all thy art, while now apart,
To keep us from despair.*

*Protect that lovely maid,
So injur'd and oppress'd,
In love so much distress'd,
She is so meek, her heart will break,
Unless by thee redress'd.*

Herm. Alas! I pity you from my heart, and wish I could administer some comfort to your

sorrow, let us retire into the cave and compose yourself awhile.

Cel. No I will follow her, whatever fate befall me.

Herm. Whither wilt thou go? night will o'ertake thee, e'er thou canst reach thy father's dwelling.

Cel. Aye and so it will if I stay here; I thank thee for thy care, but I can no where rest if Eddie be not near, I thank thee for all thy friendship; think me not ungrateful, thus to leave thee, but when the heart is from the body torn, the spirit soon must die; therefore I must go. A kind farewell to both, my heart is now so full of grief, that I can nothing say; but once more farewell.

Exit Celon.

Herm. Farewell kind youth, and may'st thou never meet so hard a trial more; O wretched world, I have felt thee sharp as the keen air, and now methinks, I see myself in this sad youth, a goodly heart overwhelm'd in grief; come, Crito, we'll in and rest, thou see'st what it is to mix with man; how hard they deal with one another.

[Exeunt Crito and Hermit.]

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Moon-light Scene. Celon under Eddie's Window.

Celon.

HERE rests my Eddie, and if she knew that
I was here, it wou'd not be long ere I beheld
her.

A I R XVI.

*Thou silver Moon, O lend thy aid,
And light me to the charming maid,
Send forth some power from above,
And help me once more to my love.*

*O turn her cruel father's heart,
Let mercy touch the hardest part ;
Let pity stop his threat'ning rage,
And think on Eddie's tender age.*

Enter three Robbers, at the 'Squire's door, trying to break into the house.

Cel. Alas, I am betray'd, and yet they're strangers all to me; I fear some ill intent, they're breaking open the door; I must interpose, lest my Eddie shou'd be in danger. [*They enter the house.*] Hold you there, what mean you, by entering the house in that manner, and at this time o' the night?

1st. House-br. Knock him down! Knock him down! silence him, or we shall miscarry.

2d. House-br. You proceed,—I'll manage him, I warrant me. [*Two of them enter the house, the other stays behind, and attacks Celon; Celon disarms him, and afterwards knocks him down with his own weapon, then pursues the other two into the house: mean while the maim'd one crawls off the stage, and makes his escape,—there's a great bustle within.*]

Brain. [*within*] Bring 'em along lads, bring 'em along.

Enter

Enter Brainly in his shirt, Mrs. Brainly, and a number of servants, in great confusion, with the Rogues, and Celon as a confederate.

Brain. We've secur'd the villains! hold up the lanthorn, and let us see who we have got; 'sdeath and heart, why this is Celon! Run, wife, directly, and see to the girl, she may have been in the plot, and made her escape, for what I know. [*Exit Mrs. Brainly.*] Ho, ho, young gentleman, have we caught you; what, because I wou'd not let you ruin my daughter, you and your comrades came to cut my throat; but I'll stop your course, I assure you, now;— what break into my house at midnight! O you villain, you damn'd dog; this is your love too, the devil take all love-affairs, I say.

Cel. You say so now, Sir, because you're past 'em.

Brain. And so shalt thou be soon; if I don't have thee hang'd, I'll give any body leave to hang me;—go, one of you, and get a halter, and tie 'em all three together; lock 'em in the barn or the stable till bye-and-bye, and I'll settle accounts with 'em all. [*Exit servant.*]

Cel. As I hope for mercy—

Brain. Mercy ! O yes, a deal of mercy, thou shalt be hang'd, and that will prevent thy doing any more mischief. Come bring 'em away.

[Exeunt Brainly and the rest.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mrs. Brainly and Eddie.

Edd. To prison, did you say, Mamma ?

Mrs. Brain. They're all confin'd in the barn or stable together, and that's much the same, your father's determin'd to have 'em all hang'd.

Edd. And Celon too ?

[She weeps.]

Mrs. Brain. Why, does not he deserve it, Child ?

Edd. I hope not, I am sure he ne'er meant harm.

A I R XVII.

Why thus, ye powers, do ye strive,

To heap distress on me alone,

Say, have you doom'd a maid to live,

Beneath the willow shade to moan.

Let

*Let not your vengeance fall severe,
Upon a maiden so distress'd,
Release, release my Celon dear,
And pluck the sting from Eddie's breast.*

Mrs. Brain. Here comes thy father and Hylas, there'll be a strange to-do, I suppose.

Edd. I fear so too.

Enter Brainly, Hylas, and Trusty.

Brain. So Miss Thrifty, thou'rt up, I see;— 'tis a wonder thou'st not been a wooing e'er now; But I suppose thou waits for thy deary's coming to thee this morning, and therefore I'll send the gentleman an invitation myself.—

Trusty, go, take somebody along with thee, and fetch those hang-dogs to me. [*Exit Trusty.*

Hyl. I hope your worship will have mercy on my poor boy!

Brain. Yes, if he deserves it, not else, I assure you.

Hyl. Ah, but consider.

Brain. I do consider, and pity you with all my heart; I wou'd not have such a son for the world; and I think, the sooner you get rid of him,

him, the better.—He must be dealt with according to law; and that, I fancy, will hang him.

Hyl. Oh law! that ever I shou'd have any thing to do with thee? O my poor boy, who ever thought thou wert born to be hang'd!

Edd. Hang'd! my Celon hang'd!

Brain. Hang'd! aye, and thee too, for aught I know, for being his confederate.

Edd. O spare his precious life!

A I R XVIII.

*If not my Celon, pity me;
Behold me at your feet,
While thus, upon my bended knee.
Make not my woes complete.*

*Will you throw that rose away,
That once you thought so sweet,
And let it wither and decay,
Like daisies under feet.*

Brain. Get out of my sight.

Mrs. Brain. How can you plead so, child, for one that came to take away your father's life?

Hyl.

Hyl. Her father's life!—no, not he poor soul.

Brain. Oh, here he comes,—now let him plead for himself. [*Enter Trusty, Celon, and House-breakers.*] A pretty set of fellows, truly.

Hyl. Waystheart, how he looks! O my poor boy, [*runs to Celon*] what has bewitch'd thee; to bring these troubles on thy poor father's head?

Edd. Celon!

Brain. Get away, Miss Fitchet; keep silence till I examine 'em, one by one.—You fellow in the black coat, do you hear; hem, hem.—I admit thee king's evidence,—stand forth, and speak like a man, say, what were your intentions for breaking into my house so abruptly; but mind you speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

1st. Thief. I will, and please your worship.

Brain. Well, mind you do.—Proceed.

1st. Thief. Our intentions were, and please your worship, to have plunder'd the house, forc'd away your daughter, and to have murder'd all those that interpos'd.

Brain. There's pretty fellows for you, there's pretty fellows.—Now neighbour Hylas, what

do

do you think of your innocent son? these are all his contrivances.

Hyl. Good lack, good lack-a-day, I know not what to think, I'm almost beside myself.

Cel. If your worship will please——

Brain. Hold your tongue, sirrah, till it comes to your turn, if you interrupt me again, I'll send you back, without any further examination. Well, but again;—say who was the contriver of this dreadful plot.

1st. Thief. No one here, and please your worship.

Brain. No one here?—take care, if I find thee deviate from the truth, I'll have thee hang'd up directly—who was it then, and where is he?

1st. Thief. He can tell you best, [*pointing to Celon.*] we left him and the other scuffling at the door together, when we two enter'd the house.

Brain. Who do you mean, Celon?

1st. Thief. I don't know his name; I know, I felt the weight of his fury;—'twas he that gave me this cut o'th' head.

Brain. Odds heart, how is this! was not he in the plot?

1st.

1st. Thief. No, and please your worship, (if I must speak the truth) had it not been for him, we should have carried our point.

Hyl. Huzza! huzza! what think you of my son now? what think you of my son now?

Brain. I don't know what to think, this is a point would puzzle a Lord Chief Justice;—stay, stay, I've something yet to start, what business, in the name of Old Nick, could he have there, at that time o'th' night?

Cel. Waiting in hopes to see Eddie again.

Brain. Was that all?

Cel. Yes, as I hope for mercy;—I had scarce been there a moment, ere these ruffians came, accompany'd with another; who (while these two enter'd the house) they left to encounter me; but I proving conqueror, left him on the ground; and in pursuing these, was taken prisoner as an accomplice.

Brain. Is all this really true, you Sir?

[to the 1st. Thief.

1st. Thief. Yes, in good faith, every word.

Brain. Why then he deserves her, were she a princess; here, take her, boy, and a thousand blessings go with you both.

Cel.

Cel. Ten thousand blessings, and thanks in return.

Hyl. Let me give my blessing too;—may you be as happy, as the King and the Queen;—odds heart, I shall jump out of my old skin again.

[*gives a caper.*]

Brain. Take this fellow to prison, the other I'll set at liberty.

2d. Thief. I have a demand on your worship, before I go;—will your worship stand to your own words.

Brain. Thou faucy rascal, dost thou think a man of character, a Justice of the Corum, dare break his word? If thou ever find me breaking my word, I'll give thee leave to send me to prison in thy stead.

2d. Thief. Then you must either hang Celon, or give me leave to hang your worship.

Brain. 'Sheart, I believe he has me, and for thy remembrance, I'll forgive thee, so get thee gone about thy business. [*Ex. Thieves.*] I plainly see, if a man was to be accountable for all he says in a passion, he might be hang'd presently. Come, this has been a strange day; but now we'll have nothing but dancing and feasting for a week.

Hyl.

Hyl. Odds bud lad, thou'rt made for ever.—
Madam Brainly, I must have a buss, and wish
you joy of a son. *[kisses her.]*

Mrs. Brain. I'm overjoy'd too, to find that
we are all deceiv'd.

Cel. And I'm overjoy'd, after all my fears,
to find that I am not deceived, for I've got, in
reality, all I ever wish'd for.

A I R XIX.

*Like sailors surrounded at sea,
For ever 'tween hope and despair;
But when they the harbour once see,
Away flies their trouble and care.*

*And soon as they step on the shore,
The comforts still greater appear;
They relish the blessing the more,
By thinking they once were in fear.*

Brain. Ah, you young rogue, you've chang'd
your tune.—Friend Hylas, give me thy hand,
I'll make thy son a 'squire.

Hyl. A 'quire! hear'st thou that, lad? wounds and wherrykins, thou'lt be as great as a lord, by-and-by.

Col. I'm as great already, in my opinion, at least, I'm as happy, I'm sure.

Edd. And I'm much happier.

Brain. Heaven bless you both, you've fought hard for one another; we'll have a merry wedding on't.

A I R XX.

*I ne'er was so pleas'd in my life,
At making of husband and wife,
Tho' I've been at full threescore,
I ne'er saw a pair,
That promis'd so fair,
In all my good days before.*

Hyl. Here comes cousin Cymon; here cousin, here cousin, here's Celon as great as the Lord Mayor of London.

Cy. I heard of it all on the road, and so came hobbling hither to see the young couple, and give 'em my blessing too;—may you live to be as old as Mathusalem, I say.

Cel.

Cel. Thank you, uncle, tho' e'er that time,
I fancy, we shall be as weary of the world, as
you sometimes appear to be.

Hyl. We're to have such doings! ah, the
young dog, how he sniggers;—'sdeath, I mun-
not call him dog, neither, that's a little too free,
now he's a 'squire; didst hear that, cousin? didst
hear that, cousin?

A I R XXI.

*We'll ring the bell,
And make a fire;
While the tune tells,
My boy's a 'squire.*

Cel. This is more than you dream'd, I be-
lieve, cousin.

Cy. I'm glad, that I'm awake to see it.

Cel. So am I, for I feel it in reality.

A I R XXII.

Cel. Since fate has ended all our woe,
And brought my Eddie to my arms;
All the ills that teaz'd us so,
Vanish now before her charms.

G 2

Edd.

Edd. *Our former suff'rings are repaid,*

By this mutual joy at at last,

Nor shall our future joys e'er fade,

By thinking on the ills that's past.

Both. *But thus in transport spend each day,*

'Till our griefs are driv'n away.

A P O E.

POETICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

AUTHOR OF AN OPERA,

AND A

COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC.

MUSICIAN.

WELL, good Sir, I've read your Play,
Your Opera, I meant to say ;
The stile is simple, plot quite new,
My head upon it, it will do.

POET.

Your head upon it, very right,
Were that the case, perhaps it might ;
Your head, I mean, what it contains,
The harmony that's in your brains ;

We must, you know as well as I,
 Please both alike, the ear and eye.
 Your head must give the pleasing sound,
 The audience hearing to confound,
 Where'er the verse is not so good
 As I would have it, *if I cou'd.*

MUSICIAN.

Between us, Sir, we'll make it bear.

FOET.

O trust me, Sir, I don't despair,
 Should I succeed in play-wright trade,
 For 'tis the first I ever made,
 I shall have reason then to crack.

MUSICIAN.

The first? indeed! faith you've a knack;
 But give me leave to start a hint,
 Tho' you may think there's nothing in't.
 In music, Sir, there is a mode,
 Wou'd you evade the common road,

In

In O, let all your couplets end,
 (I tell you this now as a friend)
 As some might say, this line is fine-O,
 Another cry, that note's divine-O :
 Good music, Sir, is all the thing,
 'Twill give your halting verse a wing ;
 My notes shall make your verses fly,
 Thro' pit, thro' box, and gallery,
 And make the house with raptures roar,
 Encore ! Encore ! Encore ! Encore !—

POET.

Upon my word, I do not fear it.

MUSICIAN.

No, that you won't, *when once you hear it.*

POET.

Faith, you delight me ;—i'gad, I vow,
 I almost think I hear it now :
 But who shall play the lover's part,
 Vernon, you know, is very smart.

MUSICIAN.

MUSICIAN.

For Vernon, I'd not give a soufe,
'T had better be at t'other house ;
Mattocks, you know, is sweet and fine,
And little Pinto most divine.

POET.

'Tis true, she gives a song its graces,
But then, she makes such horrid faces :
Arne was the only girl for me,
Such life she had, such harmony,
My ears devour'd every note,
Ere well they left her little throat,
Her unaffected, easy stile,
Did so bewitch and so beguile,
I was a statue all the while,
Save that my heart made such a thumping,
As from my bosom it was jumping.
And Vernon, you must own has taste,
His action good, his method chaste.

MUSICIAN.

Well, well, we will not disagree,
Whose part, or this or that shall be,

'Twill

'Twill prove our interest and our ends,
To join opinions and be friends,
And that we never may be foes,
Another hint I will propose,
For it has always been my plan,
Never to quarrel with a man,
Whene'er his interest shall combine,
And terminate alike with mine.

POET.

I like your notion, I confess,
For concord often brings success.

MUSICIAN.

Indeed, my worthy Sir, 'tis true,
It rests in me as well as you;
And by the self same rule agree,
It rests in you as well as me.
A method next, I'll lay you down,
Whereby you'll so bewitch the town;
The method's good, nay it is true,
There is no method else will do.
Be frequent in your repetitions,
It is the taste of all musicians,

And

And as your songs are yet unset,
 I'll tell you how ; videlicet.
 Suppose your verse should end in rapping,
 Or it might as well be tapping,
 Observe how quick the notes will move it,
 I'm sure you will not disapprove it ;
 Here's the way it must begin,
 But, if I'm out, you'll put me in.

What means this palpitation ?
 What means this palpitation ?
 What means this rapping and tapping,
 Rapping and tapping and rapping,
 Tapping and rapping and tapping,
 Rapping and tapping and rapping ?
 Or should the word, perchance be jumping,
 The next word that occurs, is thumping ;
 Suppose me acting now, and drest,
 And thumping this way, on my breast,
 And while I am the audience treating,
 Alternately, the words repeating,
 Thumping and jumping and thumping,
 Jumping and thumping and jumping,
 Thumping and jumping and thumping,
 Jumping and thumping and jumping ;

There

There Sir, don't you think it pretty?

POET.

I do not think it very witty.

MUSICIAN.

What have we to do with wit?
Let but the words the music fit,
The audience never care a jot,
Whether the verse is good, or not;
Then pray you, Sir, don't talk of wit,
The people will but laugh at it.

POET.

So I wou'd have 'em, by the by.

MUSICIAN.

Oh! I had rather see 'em cry;
To have some soft and melting strain,
First raise the heart, then down again,
To keep the the soul in constant flutter,

Then

Then flounce it——

POET.

in some ditch or gutter.

MUSICIAN.

Methinks you're fond of joking grown.

POET.

Nay, Sir, I think the joke's your own ;
Talking of hearts, and souls, and music,
Enough to make a Turk or Jew sick,
And therefore, Sir, I plainly see,
Your muse and mine will ne'er agree ;
I ne'er can yield to your pretence,
That Sounds can fill the place of Sense.

T H E

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

A S O N G.

WHERE the gentle spring was flowing,
 Whilst the primrose pale was growing,
 Every morn I told my tale
 To fair Padella of the vale.

And whilst with artless notes I play'd,
 Beneath the friendly noontide shade,
 Padella oft wou'd join with me,
 In sweetest notes of melody.

Too short the longest day appear'd,
 Whilst fair Padella's voice I heard,
 Too long appear'd the shortest night,
 When e'er the nymph was from my sight.

But now Padella is my bride,
 Nor night nor day shall now divide,
 Nothing but death's resistless dart,
 Shall force us ever more to part.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

SINCE to the town you've bid a long adieu,
 To seek retirement, and your health renew,
 Which nightly revels had too much impair'd,
 Or when too much of Venus you had shar'd,
 Till grave reflection bid you judge between
 The charms of M--lb--y and the rural green;
 Then since to softer scenes your heart's inclin'd,
 My muse may now a friendly welcome find,
 And you dispos'd to listen to her strains,
 Whilst she in rural notes sings o'er the plains,
 While fancy leads her o'er the shepherds lawn,
 At close of evening, or at early dawn:
 Tho' Edgware feels not Auburn's dreary fate,
 Tho' Chandau lives not near with princely state,
 Yet has thy Villa left, a thousand charms,
 Thy wine gives ardor, and thy converse warms;
 The fields adjacent yield the endless game*,
 Tho' small thy gardens, yet they're known to Fame†;
 Each grave old Cit, as he goes jogging by,
 Longs for her matchless leg and lilly thigh.

* Cricket, &c.

† A beautiful statue of Fame stood in his garden.

And

And from his heart, wou'd fain with fate agree,
 To have old Joan, his wife, as cold as she:
 While here you talk a rainy hour away,
 Or in the sunshine, join in rustic play,
 Or when dispos'd for solitude and talk,
 To have some H——d join your ev'ning's walk,
 No artful gambler e'er should ope my door,
 In hopes to win another hundred more;
 No, by the Gods! such sharpers would I scorn,
 And let the beggars die, as they were born.

S O N G.

Set to music by Mr. Barthelemon.

TALK not of books, of dress, of riches,
 Talk not of Bacchanalian joy,
 For beauty 'tis that most bewitches,
 All nature's govern'd by a boy.

At Cupid's touch e'en heroes tremble,
 To beauty, stoics oft submit,
 And nothing, Clara can resemble,
 That has not beauty, love and wit.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

I Cannot yet, say what you will,
 Lay by the d—n'd mischievous quill ;
 I cannot for my soul refuse,
 The invitation of my muse,
 The restless jade will every day,
 Throw some strange subject in my way.
 And I, as restless as herself,
 Can't throw it wisely on the shelf, ;
 I cannot pass a villain o'er,
 Or see the suff'rings of the poor ;
 Nor can I at a blockhead wink,
 But out I blunder what I think.
 In hopes to make some reformation,
 Amongst the jockies of the nation,
 Who trick us some how every day,
 Or steal some privilege away.—
 When half-bred critics come to mind,
 The pest of genius and mankind,
 Whose pockets seldom hold a groat,
 Whose merit lies, in finding fault.
 A needy prostituted tribe,
 Who damns, or praises, for a bribe ;

For-

Forſa'en of Genius and the Muſe,
 Fell Envy teaches 'm abuſe;
 From foul malignancy of ſpirit,
 They turn a jealous eye to merit,
 In ſecret ſtab her ev'ry hour,
 Whene'er they have it in their power.
 Like coward thieves in ambuſh fight,
 Or ruſh upon you in the night:
 For while they wound unknown, unſeen,
 They're ſure you cannot fight again.
 With theſe, and what I daily meet,
 In the newspapers and the ſtreet,
 My Muſe, as mutt'ring in my breaſt,
 Won't let me have a moment's reſt,
 But flutters, ſtruggles, pants, and pines,
 Until the peeviſh huſſy finds,
 I'm fir'd with an inclination,
 To give a vent to ev'ry paſſion.
 I oft would peſter you with rhyme,
 But greedy care won't give me time,
 For when a thought has come to mind,
 Or when I've found the muſe as kind
 As I cou'd wiſh, I've ſat me down,
 And rhimes have on the paper grown,
 Uninterrupted for a while,
 In a pure unlabour'd ſtile;

But oft the business of the day,
 Drives my willing Muse away.
 Each infant thought distracted dies,
 And fancy thro' the window flies.

THE FATAL INCIDENT.

'TIS full six months, cry'd Aladin,
 Since Emina I've seen,
 Say, was it not a sorry sin,
 To leave my fairy queen?

Say, was it not a sorry sin,
 To force me so away,
 And make me plod thro' thick and thin,
 " O'er hills and far away !"

To make me foldier 'gainst my will,
 And go the lud knows where,
 And what's alas, more cruel still,
 To force me from my dear.

'Tis

'Tis fourteen days since last I heard,
Or had one single line,
And she's forsa'en me, I'm afraid,
But sure the fault's not mine.

We parted at this very stile,
I thought I shou'd have dy'd;
I took my leave, and all the while,
The lovely creature cry'd.

Plague on the man, be who he will,
That first the wars began,
But may he be more plagued still,
That schem'd the Militia plan.

Why shou'd they fix on me forsooth,
Who ne'er got drunk and swore,
There's Ralph and Hal, aye, and in truth,
I cou'd name twenty more.

There's Thomas now, as great a rake
As ever trod the lea,
He got with barn, at our wake,
Poor Sally Mapletree.

Our

Our Joe got drunk and beat his wife,
 Until she scarce cou'd see,
 And yet for all, upon my life,
 They needs must fix on me.

But I'll no longer time delay,
 With thinking what is past,
 I'm glad I've got so safe away,
 To see my love at last.

O how my heart with fancy throbs,
 To think we soon shall meet;
 From her the Rose its colour robs,
 The Hyacinth its sweet.

I shall be 'sham'd to see her too,
 In this strange soldier's dress,
 But if her heart like mine be true,
 She'll not love me the less.

I'll e'en across the church-yard now,
 And see my Emina,
 She lives at foot of yonder brow,
 Where yon white lambkins play.

Here

Here stands the church, where she and I,
Together oft have been,
And hope once more, yet ere I die,
To go with her again.

When she some morning by my side,
O! would it were to-day!
Shall go a maid, but turn a bride,
Dress'd like the queen of May.

Then luck attend! I'll e'en away,
In this same soldier's trim,
Desire will not let me stay,
To make myself more prim.

Ah me! what name's on yonder stone,
That meets my tortur'd fight!
'Tis Emina's! 'tis her's alone!—
Then to the world, good night.

For, like the barbed-shafted dart,
It plunges thro' my breast,
Fast bleeds within, my wounded heart,
But here I'll give 'em rest.

O cruel

O cruel fate ! I cannot bear
 To look upon her grave ;
 Strike me to earth, nor longer spare
 A love-distracted slave.

Alas ! I feel my blood retire,
 My eyes grow dim apace,
 The fates have heard my last desire,
 We'll in the grave embrace.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

MAY I not hope your patience will endure
 The plain wrought offering of a Muse obscure.
 Say, shall it be less welcome 'cause it came
Signatur'd by one beneath th' heed of Fame ?
 Reduc'd by fortune to an humble state,
 Deny'd by genius ever to be great.

Alas ! I'm lost in thinking what to say,
 Till thought kills thought, and drives my muse away :
 At length I doze, and wander in my dreams,
 Hunting new epithets, sentiments and themes ;
 Then pleas'd I wake, but find my treasures flown,
 Before my eager hand can set 'em down.

How

How hard to please myself—what shall I do,
 In such a case, how please the world and you?
 My fancy breeds apace, no mortal's more,
 But then the produce proves so very poor,
 'Twill scarce deserve admittance at your door,
 My days, thank fate, are well employ'd; at night
 I spin a rhyme or two by candle-light.

To aim at fame is dangerous indeed;
 Scores make attempt but very few succeed.
 Far be the thought, the fatal thought from me;
 For ever let me boast humility;
 To please a few, and that same few my friends,
 Will be the summit of my hopes,—my ends
 Wou'd be fulfill'd, cou'd I with *humble stride*
 Tread the smooth plain with *H——d* by my side.

Let others try the lofty hill to climb,
 Soaring scholastic 'bove the reach of rhyme;
 Clad in the vest of Sophs, regardless stand,
 The praise or censure of the Critic's hand;
 Thirsting for pathos to confound the sense,
 Like useless gewgaws shaming the expence:
 O be it mine to speak in nature's strain!
 At once to picture, and at once explain;—

No

No pomp of words cou'd e'er enrapture me,
 Like pure-wrote sounds, in plain simplicity,
 To trace out nature's wild and endless scene,
 Her painted vallies, and her wood-lands green :
 There can I seek for themes when fancy dies,
 Walk thro' the forest, and observe the skies ;
 Nor seek in vain—each day sends something new,
 Some new-born beauty rises to my view.
 Cou'd I but steal the art of painting here
 These scenes in verse, as they to me appear ;
 Had I the power with that art to please,
 To paint 'em well, and paint 'em too with ease :
 Cou'd I like you, at once ensnare the mind,
 Engage the eye, and keep the heart confin'd,
 And do it too with such engaging grace,
 With manly strides the paths of nature trace,
 The Muses then should claim each mite of time,
 And ev'ry thought I'd jingle into rhyme.
 Vain hopes, alas !—but hopes are apt to please,
 And fancy'd pleasures sometimes give us ease.
Credulity, a mild and simple maid,
 Too oft, alas ! by promises betray'd,
 Follows the phantom Hope, with steps so fast,
 Till *Disappointment* kills her at the last.

Ne'er

Ne'er let me be so curs'd, as to depend
 Upon a *Promise*, or to lose a friend,
 Nor pin my hopes too closely on the sleeve
 Of old or young; I've found 'em both deceive;
 The silver'd poll is apter e'er to sin,
 Than he who ne'er felt razor on his chin;
 Old age breeds *craft*, and near his elbow chair
 Sits Folly plac'd, his favourite and heir;
 Peace to all such, if such can peace enjoy,
 Whose shallow promise tends but to destroy
 Their neighbour's peace,—that wretch I envy not,
 Who boasts a name by broken friendship got;
 For ever will I bar my homely door,
 Against the greatest knave, so meanly poor.
 Conscience shall haunt the disingenuous slave,
 And time shall lead him blindfold to his grave.

I boast no art, thence can no credit lose:
 I paint to shew my meaning, not confuse:
 No rogue to flatter, *nor no friend abuse*.
 The meanest figure, claims as great a share
 Of skill to paint it well, as the most fair.
 But those the meanest of the mean I call,
 Who gain, with all my pains no praise at all,

You that by nature have an heart design'd
 To hear and heal the suff'rings of mankind,
 May you ne'er trust the wretch whose friendship
 tends
 To no one's good, but his own private ends.

AN ALLEGORY ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT strange migrations happen every day,
 How short, alas, is friendship's golden reign!
 Like op'ning rose-buds drink the dews of May,
 Then shortly fall in winter's lap again.

The glowing beam, whose life-creating fire,
 Warm'd ev'ry root, and bids the cowslips peep,
 Declines its aid, and 'bove the clouds retire,
 And leaves them, in their former state to sleep.

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, A POEM.

HAIL holy day, by heav'nly laws design'd
 A consolation to all human kind,
 To man and brutes a day of peace and rest,
 Wou'd man but own his duty, and be blest:
 As when the harp, in Jesse's golden days,
 Tun'd ev'ry sabbath to Jehovah's praise,
 By holy prophets, and by virgins strung,
 When truth and faith inspir'd ev'ry tongue;
 Or when his son with eloquence divine,
 (The greatest favourite of the sacred *Nine*)
 Made the proud Saul, whene'er he touch'd his
 strings,
 Bow his stiff neck, and own the King of Kings.

Observe the present age,--how vain, how strange!
 How true sang he, who told us, "all things change."
 A puny race of infidels and fools,
 True slaves to vice, and fashion's gaudy tools;
 Strangers to virtue, enemies to fame,
 Except in foreign dress, or foreign name.

My Lord sends forth his hopeful heir to roam
 To foreign climes, to bring new fashions home :
 Caught with their manners and their taste, he burns,
 And after six years travel, he returns
 A flimsy fop, a coxcomb and a fool,—
 A greater dunce, than when he left the school :
 Quick at intrigue, to gamble, or to fight,
 A debauchee, if not a f——te.

Britain and France with emulation try
 T'outdo each other in absurdity.
 For here at home what vast excess we see,
 In city fops, and city quality :
 Is there a folly introduc'd at court,
 But streight on swiftest pinions of report,
 It thro' the city in a trice is fann'd,
 And introduc'd,—for taste, at second hand ?
 With cards and routs their Sunday is employ'd,
 And ev'ry Christian virtue is destroy'd.
 Mode will bewitch, all eyes may plainly see,
 And nothing charms like flimsy gaiety :
 In all degrees, at ev'ry age, we find,
 There's nought like fashon captivates the mind :
 Do but observe the rich Sir Traffick's wife,
 Old and deform'd, upon the verge of life,

With

With fulsome art, she rolls her faded eyes,
 And thinks to make a conquest ere she dies ;
 While in their dress, there's no distinction seen,
 'Tween sixty-fix, and she of gay sixteen.

But to my theme ; my muse at random strays,
 And with a tedious prelude, she delays
 My better meaning, and perverts my plan,
 I'll paint the scenes from nature, if I can ;
 We raise subscriptions and new churches build,
 But heaven knows how seldom they are fill'd.
 Should Sunday shine a summer's day, and fair,
 Behold what legions round the town repair ;
 What flocks to Richmond and to Windsor drive,
 And buz and sip, like drones about a hive,
 At ev'ry welcome tavern which they meet,
 Affecting bucks, and asses prove complete,
 On hackney'd steeds, the giddy blockheads fly,
 Who kindly drag 'em home, perhaps, and die ;
 Of all the slaves dame nature's giv'n us here,
 There's none so noble, treated so severe,
 As the kind steed, that's ever yet been curst,
 To have his last load greater than his first.
 Then worn with hunger, flav'ry and age,
 Finds still a harder journey to engage ;

Than when in youth and vigour he would bear
 My Lord a mile or two to take the air.
 But such is fate, when useleſs and grown old,
 To ſome unfeeling monſter he is ſold.

Each needy wretch his thirſt for taſte declares
 Whene'r he ſpeaks, but more by what he wears;
 Oft is the fancy of ſome brainleſs prig,
 Couch'd in the choice of his enormous wig,
 And oft we learn the tenor of the fair,
 By the fly glance, or belle-affect'd air.
 Is there a nymph oppreſs'd by Fortune's frown,
 That beauty might indeed have ſtamp'd her own?
 Behold her ſailing in the pink of taſte,
 Trump'd up with powder, frippery and paſt,
 Reſolv'd 'gainſt Fortune, beauty's force to try,
 (The greateſt powers now beneath the ſky,)
 Rather than fate her conqueſt ſhou'd impede,
 She'll not retreat, tho' virtue's ſure to bleed.

Behold what droves to Bagnigge Wells repair,
 Crowding together *for the ſake of air*,
 And ſtrictly keeping *Sunday's weekly fair*.
 Sunk in a vale, this fair retreat is plac'd,
 And with a mountain on each ſide is grac'd;

Re.

Receiving all the rubbish of the town,
 That has for ages, there, in loads been thrown.
 Smooth thro' its flat, a muddy riv'let streams,
 And down its sides a wholesome church-yard teems;
 Here, close pent up by thousands, we repair,
 And praise the water, liquor and the *air* :
 Here love-sick couples ev'ry Sunday run,
 They marry next, and find themselves undone :
 Soon shifts the scene, the passion next is cloy'd,
 And all their promis'd happiness destroy'd.

Behold a pair, that but two years ago,
 She a coquette, and he a city beau,
 Now look with sorrow at their former state,
 And curse the burden of their present fate.
 Marry'd, they walk indifferent and grave,
 Whilst worldly cares their ev'ry thought enslave :
 He, at a distance, from the crowd retires,
 She, at a distance, leaves her gay desires.

See, self-admir'd, Miss, of four feet high,
 Display her charms, and with an ogle, try
 To captivate some dull unwary spark.
 She often shoots, but seldom hits the mark :
 For should the rogue some imperfection spy,
 Her crooked legs, or bolster'd shape, awry :

If the high shoulder, which she'd fain conceal,
 Some thoughtless turn shou'd cruelly reveal,
 No new device, how well soe'er 'tis dress'd,
 Will win the lover to her strutting breast.

If such a wretch would deal in Hymen's laws,
 Let her throw off her frippery and gaze;
 Nor vainly try, with self-imagin'd charms,
 To win the lover to her stunted arms.
 To charm with person, never make pretence,
 But try to please with gravity and sense;
 Plain be your drest, seem conscious of defect,
 Let love subside, and try to win respect.
 Shou'd some grave friend of sixty, seek a wife,
 A needful helpmate, at the verge of life,
 Who's with your virtues, not your person mov'd,
 Is beeter far by such to be approv'd,
 Than try with *such a form* to make a prize,
 Or hope in vain to charm a lover's eyes,
 Who will but rally, flatter and despise.
 Devote no more your Sunday to intrigue,
 Nor longer keep your vanity in league;
 For where the person and the mine's awry,
 We seldom find it catch a lover's eye.

Let

Let not white Conduit, Bagnigge, or the Spaw,
 One Sunday more your vain attention draw,
 Where swarms of fools, of coxcombs, bućks and
 beaux,
 Adore themselves, and next themselves, their
 clothes,
 Where belles repair to catch, and to be caught,
 Who never yet gave being to a thought.

You, on whom Fortune has been pleas'd to smile,
 Lay by your giddy pleasures for awhile;
 Regard the cries of nature in distress,
 Confine awhile your appetite and dress:
 Where Fortune's giv'n enough, and some to spare,
 Let the remainder be the poor man's share.

A N

A N E L E G Y
ON THE
DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Farewel, kind youth! my friend farewell!
Since fate *will* have it so;
Cease, cease, the solemn passing bell,
Nor aggravate my woe.

In plaintive notes my muse shall sing
Thy merits and thy name,
And on her weak, but plaintive wing,
She'll bear thee up to fame.

What tho' obscure, *thou spent* thy days
A friend to virtue's cause,
Thy merits still demand my lays,
To whisper thy applause.

The lonely bud that blows obscure
Beneath the spreading thorn,
Often preserves a scent more pure,
Than what the *tops* adorn.

I little

I little thought, my dearest friend,
 To see thee dead so soon,
 For who could think the day wou'd end,
 Before it well was noon?

Thy noon of life an ev'ning prov'd,
 Thy sun ran quickly down,
 Thy morning was by all belov'd,
 Thine eve without a frown.

Thro' life with even pace thou stee'd,
 Without one single foe,
 (By friends belov'd, by truth rever'd,)
 Left envy made them so.

But who cou'd be a foe to thee,
 A friend to all mankind:
 Whose breast was all tranquility,
 With harmony combin'd.

How oft have I at peep of dawn,
 Thy friendly summons heard,
 And with thee trod the verdant lawn,
 Before the sun appear'd.

From

From Richmond hill to Twick'nam dale,
How often have we stray'd,
Charm'd with the thrush and nightingale,
That sang in Dyfart's shade.

When cloudy mists from off the brooks
Proclaim'd a summer's day,
With glee we talk'd of men and books,
And argu'd time away.

Whene'er a wild romantic scene,
Has struck our wand'ring eyes,
And where the magic circle's been,
Great Shakespeare would arise.

Where gentle Zephyrs blew serene,
As thro' the copse we steer'd,
Or when some garden we have seen,
Great Milton has appear'd.

When nature dasy'd o'er the lawn,
And blossom'd ev'ry tree,
The humble Thompson's muse would dawn,
Like pure simplicity.

When

When o'er the hill we've chanc'd to stray,
 And view'd some mansion by,
 Oft with a smile, I've heard thee say,
 " Its wealthy Lord must die."

Thou envy'dst not the proud his wealth,
 His luxury and pride,
 Thy only boon, a little health,
 But that the Fates deny'd.

Thy honest ear wou'd ne'er attend
 The vile detractor's lye,
 But with a manly zeal defend
 Both friend and enemy.

Oft when the lark had clos'd her wings,
 The Moon began her reign,
 I've heard thee touch thy magic strings,
 And play thy usual strain.

Scarce had the Thames sent up a breeze,
 Or dews fall'n on the ground,
 But thro' the gentle waving trees,
 I heard the pleasing sound.

Enraptur'd have I stood alone,
 Beneath a cooling shade,
 With extacy I've caught each tone,
 In soft pianos play'd.

But now the ev'ning charms no more,
 No more the morn delight,
 Since morn nor ev'ning can restore
 Thee back again to fight.

No more shall I at break of day,
 Thy friendly fummons hear,
 Nor with thee o'er the woodlands stray,
 Before the Sun appear.

In sad remembrance o'er thy tomb,
 Thy requiem will I sing,
 When night with dull and awful gloom,
 Shall spread her raven wing.

THE BANKS OF CHELMER.

THO' Windsor boasts her tyrants and her kings,
 Her shady groves, her forest and her springs;
 Her lofty temples, and her costly gems,
 Her murm'ring Loddon, and her silver Thames;
 Admit my Muse so tread in humbler lays,
 And sing, tho' lowly, in fair CHELMER's praise.
 What tho' thy banks, by kings were never trod,
 No stately savage grac'd thee with a nod;
 Thou happ'ly 'scap'd the arbitrary frown,
 Nor felt the curse, of being near a crown.

Once, on a time, there liv'd a rural pair,
 The gentle Philo, and Salina fair;
 The sad Leander lov'd not more than he,
 When, arm'd with love, he dar'd the raging sea;
 No story'd fair cou'd ever boast a mind
 More pure; no maid cou'd shew an heart more kind
 Than she; her tresses play'd about her waist
 In flowing curls; her head, with posies grac'd,
 Like the fair lilly essenc'd ev'ry gale,
 While o'er the lawn she tript, or thro' the dale.

On CHELMER's banks the gentle pair first trod,
 Ere this fair land felt vile oppression's rod ;
 In golden times, when love o'er interest stood,
 And statesmen fought their king and country's good ;
 He tended flocks, while she the distaff play'd,
 Upon the brow, or near some friendly shade.

Long had their breasts felt Cupid's gentle flame,
 And stiff'd love with common friendship's name ;
 Till bursting forth, the blaze dispell'd the smoke,
 And Philo first to his Salina spoke :—
 We've long, my fair Salina, trod these plains,
 In summer's heat, and winter's drenching rains ;
 We often steal the honey from the bees,
 And oft we pluck the blossom from the trees,
 Their tempting sweetness urge us to the deed,
 But yet we find 'em cloy us as we feed.
 There grows one flower, yet, that I revere,
 Survives in bloom, throughout the killing year,
 Whose tempting blush, and never-fading smell,
 By far, all blossoms of the spring excel ;
 Whose damask leaves distil a balmy dew,
 That breeds desire, and maintains it too ;
 I oft behold it, as I tread the mead,
 And every day, my longing eyes I feed

With

With fond desire ; till at last I pine,
Sigh to myself, and wish the blossom mine.
Still must I pine, still must I sigh in vain,
'Tis you must ease my hopes, and cure my pain ;
Within your reach it hangs, within your breast,
To make me wretched, or to make me blest.

Nay, cease to grieve, the fair Salina cry'd,
Have you e'er ask'd me ought, that I deny'd ?
Sure you have found me selfish and unkind,
To think, I bear about so poor a mind :
Did you a Lambkin or an heifer chuse,
You never knew me such a boon refuse.
Then bring me, Philo, where this wonder grows,
Be it a lilly, hyacinth or rose ;
Be it the fairest bud that ever sprung,
The sweetest blue-bell ever fairy rung,
Within my reach, or in my power to give,
If Philo ask it, Philo shall receive.

Thanks lovely maid,—but O! you'll change
your mind,
When you this fair, this blooming beauty find.

Nay doubt me not, nor yet my truth decry,
Let not my word, upon suspicion, die ;

Let not your thoughts be timid and unkind,
Till I've my promise, and my truth declin'd :
No tempting sweet, no rose that ever sprung,
Shall make me falter in my heart or tongue ;
Ne'er let me tread these fertile banks again,
Nor walk with Philo o'er the verdant plain,
When I forget the promise I have made,
Banish Salina to some distant shade.

Nay, lovely maid, be ever, ever near,
Shou'd you, shou'd fair Salina disappear,
These lonely plains wou'd be more lonely still,
And burs and thistles grow on ev'ry hill ;
To yonder brook then let us bend our way,
And there behold the prodigy of May ;
And there behold, my heart's, my soul's delight,
My wish by day, and all my dreams by night.

Methinks, 'tis strange, that one poor simple flower,
Shou'd, o'er an heart like yours, obtain such power ;
The bee, 'tis true, and butterfly will rove,
And sport around, with animated love,
When ev'ry flower rising to their sight,
Invites the heart, and yields 'em new delight ;
The sun declines apace, let's instant go,
And try, if I will keep my word, or no.

Then

Then straight they trip together o'er the plain,
And bands of Cupids follow'd in a train.
To bind two hearts with wreaths that never fade,
And prove the promise of a tender maid;
The banks they reach, and next, the crystal brook,
In which young Philo bid Salina look.

The banks are pleasant, and the stream is clear,
But yet I see no rose or lilly near;
Some cruel swain has stole it, e'er we came;
In such a case, can I be ought to blame?

Say, can you nothing in the stream behold?
No perfect beauty of celestial mould?
See you not something, like yourself appear?
The substance of that shadow, I revere;—
Thou art the substance, thou, my boasted bloom,
'Tis thou must ease my heart, or seal my doom.

Ungen'rous swain, how cou'd you thus ensnare,
With study'd arts, a poor unguarded fair!
Am I the fairest, Philo ever saw,
Cou'd poor Salina such desire draw?
Alas! I grieve to think what I have done,
Things end in sorrow, that are rash begun;

Let

Let me recall it, sure I was asleep ;
 Must I, indeed, my artless promise keep ?
 Must I, perforce then, give myself away,
 To be the idol of a single Day ?
 To be forgot, if Philo e'er shou'd see,
 Some other maid, still fairer yet than me ?
 But O ! remember, shou'd you ever find
 Some other maid, more fair, more true, more kind,
 Forget not then, who once you deem'd a prize,
 Nor make your captive fair, a sacrifice.

O never ! never ! talk not so again,
 Such fancy'd ills will rive my heart in twain. —
 Here do I vow, and when I prove unkind,
 Teem down ye clouds, and unloose the wind ;
 Let forked lightning thro' my cottage shoot,
 And thunder tear whole forests by the root ;
 Let every lamb, that in my pastures stray,
 By turgid floods be caught, and wash'd away ;
 Let me be sunk in famine and despair,
 Beneath the horror of the warring air.

Nay, gentle swain, my heart wou'd bleed, to see
 Thee made the spectacle of misery ;
 Shou'd thou prove kind, and keep thy passion true,
 I wou'd not wish a fairer swain than you.

When

When I prove false,—but that can never be,
 My health, my life, my ev'ry hope's in thee;
 If this fond heart shou'd e'er a traytor prove,
 And violate the sacred laws of love,
 Let shame be painted on my guilty breast,
 And sorrow hunt me from the bed of rest.
 What shall I say,—for O, I cannot feign
 What I am not, were I the world to gain;
 What shall I say, to make my fair believe,
 These tears are real,

Cease, O! cease to grieve;
 Here, take my hand, my heart I wou'd resign,
 But that has fled this many a day to thine;
 My breast, forlorn, oft led me to despair,
 Save when, methought, I felt my Philo's there.

O! let me clasp it to my panting breast,
 Heal my fond heart, and give it endless rest.
 Ye woods and vales, that heard the lovely sound,
 Tell it in echoes to the plains around;
 Let the sweet woodlark raise his notes divine,
 Telling each swain, that fair Salina's mine.

T H E

THE FIRST OF MAY.

MY tale I take from times of old,
 When truth was more esteem'd than gold;
 When pride walk'd threadbare and despis'd,
 When folks were better exercis'd
 Than now-a-days, when broils and strife
 Defiles the story of each life.

A country villa, near a green,
 Inhabitants, but twice sixteen;
 An honest 'squire held the hall,
 Surrounded by a turfen wall,
 The friend and landlord of 'em all. }
 A neighbourhood so well inclin'd,
 So simple, honest, and so kind,
 Each try'd his neighbour to excel,
 In friendship, and in doing well.

As soon as morning dawn appear'd,
 Or early chancicleer was heard,
 E'er the fond herds began to feed,
 Or Fairies fled the blushing mead,

The

The thrifty villagers arose,
 And from the bed of sweet repose,
 They met the labours of the day,
 And chearful, sung the time away ;
 At eventide, when work was done,
 They all return'd at setting sun,
 And met upon the plain — with glee
 They pip'd, and danc'd upon the lee ;
 There in a lowly, simple state,
 They felt the joys that fly the great ;
 No load of conscience gall'd their breast,
 Content and labour gave 'em rest.

'Twas now the rosy morn of May,
 When Flora, in her best array
 Bedeck'd each little rising hill
 With cowslips sweet, or daffodil ;
 A may-pole tall, with garlands hung,
 And rows of birds eggs neatly strung,
 Was plac'd upon a verdant green,
 A tribute to the morning's queen.

Each rustic summons forth his fair,
 And round the pole they all repair.
 The 'squire 'mongst the rest arose,
 As 'twas his custom to dispose

Of

Of various gifts, upon that day,
And gave good ale and cakes away.

Twelve garlands one small hillock grac'd,
In simple order each was plac'd.
The honest 'squire now propos'd,
That each, by choice, shou'd be dispos'd;
Said ev'ry swain had equal right
To any garland, now in fight,
And all beneath, if ought shou'd be,
To claim, his right and property.
For each, some little prize contain'd,
So that the loser, something gain'd,
Tho' some were greater than the rest,
Each swain now strove to choose the best.

Young Ralph, a fair and comely swain,
The very hero of the plain,
Beheld fair Alecy, on her way,
No star so bright, no nymph so gay;
Her small and easy waist was bound
With wreaths most sweet; her head was crown'd
With ev'ry flower of the field,
That Flora's self, to her might yield.
She, on her head a garland bore,
Its equal ne'er was seen before.

Young

Young Ralph set off full speed, to meet
 This lovely maid, this nymph complete,
 And struck the rest with great surprize,
 To see him claim her for his prize ;
 He first bereav'd her of her crown,
 And claim'd the maiden, all his own.

Now ev'ry youngster on the plain,
 Look'd with envy on the swain,
 But all in justice did declare,
 He won the maid ;—the trick was fair.

The 'Squire paus'd, and shook his head,
 His hearty smile of humour fled,
 To see his child another's claim,
 And now he 'gan himself to blame.
 The swain beheld the good man's eyes,
 With tears, he offer'd back his prize.

The 'Squire, charm'd at such a deed,
 Cry'd, you deserve her now indeed !
 It glads me much, young swain, to find,
 Thou bear'st so great, so good a mind ;
 Here, take her, lad,—I murmur not,
 If she's contented with her lot.

She smil'd consent, and cheer'd the drooping
 swain,
 She gave her hand, her meaning to explain.
 The 'Squire saw, and blest'd the blooming pair,
 And three loud volleys broke the peaceful air.

A P A S T O R A L

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. C. CHURCHILL, AND MR. R. LLOYD,

The latter dying soon after the news of the
 former's death.

J O N N Y and R O B I N.

JONNY.

AH! Robin, hast thou heard the news?
 Our blithest swain is dead,
 The greatest fav'rite of the Muse
 Is in the church-yard laid.

ROBIN.

[III]

ROBIN.

Thou dost not sure, my CHARLEY mean,
My true and faithful friend?
If so, alas! my woes again,
Will never have an end.

JONNY.

I wou'd it were not him indeed,
I'm griev'd the news to tell,
I know thy honest heart will bleed,
Thou lov'dst the swain so well.

ROBIN.

Ah! woe is me, what shall I do!
How ease the pangs I feel,
Thy words have cut my life-string thro',
More absolute than steel.

JONNY.

Nay, do not go and leave me too,
To wander here alone,
To sit beneath the church-yard yew,
To weep beside thy stone.

L 2

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Alas ! kind youth, alas, I die,
 My eyes begin to fade,
 I soon shall with my CHARLEY lie,
 Beneath the yew-tree shade.

JONNY.

Ah ! most distress'd and wretched me,
 To live to see this day,
 I'll sit beneath some gloomy tree,
 And sigh my soul away.

ROBIN.

Nay, pray thee live, thou worthy swain,
 And hope a better day,
 Let not my lambs die on the plain,
 When I am turn'd to clay.

A N

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

I Said I'd write, but did not dream,
 Of loosing by the way—my theme ;
 I've been this half hour in a pother,
 To think, how I shou'd find another,
 For all I'd gather'd in my head,
 I found, alas, this morning fled ;
 I scratch'd my head, implor'd the Muse,
 But found it all of little use ;
 Sometimes a thought wou'd strike my pate,
 About the Troglodites of state,
 A savage kind of folks, you know,
 That liv'd five hundred years ago,
 Much alike, in all their ways,
 To those we have in our days ;
 But bright-ey'd Caution stopp'd my hand,
 And gave me then to understand,
 The danger that attends the task,
 Shou'd we but try, to strip the mask,
 From off some false, fair-seeming knave,
 Who's ev'ry thought is to enslave
 His king and country ev'ry hour,
 For ev'ry knave is fond of power :

A little fellow never ought
 To tell a great one of his fault,
 For very like, for all his pains,
 The other may knock out his brains,
 Who having little of his own,
 He's anxious for another's grown.
 I'll leave such themes, to such I'feck,
 That neither care for head or neck,
 Who run full tilt, thro' muck and mire,
 To set themselves, and world on fire.

I hear you say,—what, can't you find,
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 Another subject to engage,
 And live in this abandon'd age!
 No worthy character distress'd,
 By some purse proud knave depress'd;
 No worthy friend fall in your way,
 To elevate your tardy lay?
 Why yes, I have, I own it too,
 Memory brings it to my view;
 Whene'er of friendship I wou'd talk,
 I'm sure to meet you in my walk.

O N
T H E D E A T H

O F
B O N N E L L T H O R N T O N , E S Q .

SEE Genius hangs her rueful head,
Like pity all in tears,
And sighing, cries, my THORNTON's dead,
For fee, his shrine appears.

Wit rais'd the smile, whene'er he spoke,
Enforc'd by manly sense,
He never urg'd a fingle joke,
That gave the least offence.

No praise could ever make him vain,
No foe enforce a frown,
Yet cou'd he feel for other's pain,
As sharp as for his own.

Where

Where will the needy find relief?
 Where merit, meet a friend?
 That while they tell their tale of grief,
 Shall one like him attend?

Tho' fate has clos'd thee in the urn,
 Thy name shall never die,
 Thy matchless wit shall ever burn,
 To endless memory.

Adieu, my dearest friend, adieu!
 These lines are due from me,
 For ev'ry rising hope I view,
 Was planted first by thee.

T H E

FOPLING AND THE EWE,

A F A B L E.

A Fopling dress'd in all his tinsel'd pride,
 With knot, and rapier dangling by his side,
 With foppish gate he tripp'd along the street,
 And fear'd each clumsy mortal that he met,

Left

Lest his silk hose might some rude splash receive,
 Or filthy sweeper, brush his crimson sleeve:
 An Ewe, hard drove, and panting for her life,
 To 'scape the savage butcher and his knife,
 Hopeless and faint, she cou'd no farther fly,
 And tho' all innocent, was loth to die;
 The Fopling she beheld, to him she flew,
 And thought she might be safe, if once he drew
 His sword, in pity to her wretched state,
 And at his feet, she 'gan to supplicate;
 " Take pity, Sir, the Ewe in anguish cry'd,
 " O, pluck the rapier from your noble side,
 " Oh! let your gracious mercy interpose,
 " And stop the bloody purpose of my foes;
 " Life, Sir, is sweet, when I alas, am dead,
 " My lambs will perish in the frozen mead,
 " They yet are young, and want a mother's care,
 " To shield 'em from the sharp inclement air."

The Fop, enrag'd to think a brute shou'd meet,
 And interrupt his passage in the street,
 He was too proud the gross affront to brook,
 And with an haughty, but unmanly look,
 Drew forth his sword, and plung'd it in her side,
 The hapless victim fell; but ere she died,

In

In mournful accents she address'd my Lord,
 Her tears gush'd briefly forth, at ev'ry word:
 " If't be your reason that provok'd the deed,
 " If't be your *justice*, that I guiltless bleed,
 " My fellow brutes more mercy wou'd have shown,
 " E'en tygers might, had they my story known;
 " Had they my lambkins heard, in yonder plain,
 " Bleating, in hopes to see their dam again;
 " Helpless and young, they'll stray the barren moor,
 " But ne'er must see their tender mother more,
 " Ungrateful Lord; no beast was e'er so rude,
 " For savages will shew some gratitude;
 " The coat that makes your Lordship now so fine,
 " Grew on my back, was once a coat of mine;
 " The tender meal to-day, on which you fed,
 " Sprang from my womb, and for your pleasure
 " bled,
 " But I'm too bold, by far, I fear, too rude,
 " To charge a courtier with ingratitude;
 " Forgive me, Sir, tho' bold the truth I say,
 " Courtiers receive, but seldom will repay,
 " Their hearts ungrateful, no compunction feel,
 " I sought thy aid, but met thy fatal steel."

QUERIES,

Q U E R I E S,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

OUR betters seem to make a rout,
 To find the cause of famine out,
 Pretend the myſt'ry is too great,
 To tell us why we have no meat;
 Nor can our ableſt ſtateſman's head,
 Find out the cauſe, we have no bread.
 The reaſon's plain, I'll tell you why,
 I don't believe, they ever try.

But ſhou'd they want to lay a tax
 Upon our heavy-laden backs,
 There is not one, but knows the way,
 To do it for us, any day.

Like dog i'th' fair, they ſhift about,
 To-day in place, to-morrow out;
 Nor ſhall you find the beſt reſign,
 Without ſome motive or deſign

To

To wriggle into better bread ;—
 Then can you think he'll plague his head
 About such things as you or I,
 Who were but born to starve and die ?

Q U E R Y I.

Were they, like poor men, apt to feel
 An appetite, without a meal ;
 Say, wou'd they not soon find the way,
 To move this obstacle away ?

II.

Wou'd forestallers and regretors,
 Until now, have 'scap'd their betters,
 If some great rogue, 'tween you and I,
 Had not giv'n them authority ?
 Thieves are seldom hang'd for stealing,
 Where my Lord's a fellow-feeling.

III.

If one knave shou'd chance to swing,
 O that wou'd be a happy thing.

In

In such a case, 'tis ten to four,
 But he'd impeach a hundred more ;
 And then I'd lay you nine to ten,
 That half of them were n——n,
 Or such to whom we give the name,
 For they, by birth assume the claim,
 And have not in reality,
 The smallest claim to quality.
 Titles that once were bravely won,
 That have thro' generations run,
 May grace at last some worthless fool,
 Perhaps some haughty fav'rite's tool,
 In some base office exercis'd,
 And by his countrymen despis'd.

THE
P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
MERRY MIDNIGHT MISTAKE.*

WITH much reluctance they have brought me
here,
To try your patience, and to cure my fear;
But if, in trying, I shou'd chance to fail,
You soon will see me (Frenchman-like) turn tail.

Our Author's here behind, in such a taking,
Scratching his head, shivering and shaking,
For fear his comic bantling shou'd not please—
He here presents you with his prologue fees;
A little canting, and a thousand smiles—
For complimenting, more than truth, beguiles:
So he, poor man! since canting is the mode,
Must needs go plodding in the common road;

* Written by a gentleman of Chelmsford, and acted by a
set of gentlemen of that place, for their amusement, who
had never perform'd before.

Begs

Begs you'd let his brat walk unmolested,
 Shou'd the poor thing chance to be divested
 Of Congreve's wit, or Dryden's nice connection :
 For sure, the poorest child claims some protection.
 And if, in walking, it shou'd chance to trip,
 Or falling, cut its little nose or lip,
 You'll please to save the poor declining thing,
 By kindly catching hold the leading-string.

Some, proudly pleas'd in finding out a fault,
 But mostly those, who can't digest a thought ;
 Rude Nature gave 'em rancour to condemn,
 But bury'd all their candour in their phlegm.
 Or (like enough) some sage good dame may frown,
 Displeas'd with every notion but her own,
 And in her pride, from pious motives, say,
 " There's nothing good can come from out a play ;"
 And kindly shewing 'tis not from her spleen,
 But judges wisely what she's never seen.
 For many Author's have unjustly bled ;
 Their plays being damn'd before a line was read.

The Actor too, your candour must implore,
 If Actors those, who never play'd before ;
 Unskill'd, unstudied, in these stage-affairs—
 They've other business to engross their cares—

They only do it to oblige a friend ;
 No other motive, secret pride, or end,
 Save this—to force a gentle smile from you—
 We'll do our best—'tis all the best can do.

T H E
 E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

MERRY MIDNIGHT MISTAKE.

I Tell you, I will—Plague on't, I'm so teaz'd—
 The Author thinks, his firstling has not pleas'd ;
 I say, he's quite mista'en ; it wonnot do ;
 He'll not be easy, till he hears from you.
 He wants poor me, your anger to amuse,
 By trumping up some frivolous excuse.
 I fain wou'd lay it on the *acting* now ;
 But that his modesty will not allow—
 I'd lay it on the Prompter—if I knew how.
 You plainly see, I've no excuse at all,
 The best way'll be, to let the curtain fall.—

Yet

Yet hold—I've something yet to say—aye right;
 We'll do better, Sirs, another night;
 We'll be more perfect, act with better spirit,
 For application is the way to merit.
 Fear's the great tyrant in a doubtful breast,
 From thence, our first attempts are seldom best,
 Cou'd we have acted, as we did intend,
 Not one soul here, but wou'd have been our friend.
 Thanks to that simile—by Jove, methinks I hear
 You kindly say—"We need not be in fear,
 "Because there's none but friends and neighbours
 "here."

Thanks for this good confession, 'tis very kind,
 I long to carry this good news behind.
 They're all distress'd to know, what I have done,
 And I'm as much impatient, to be gone.

T H E
P R O L O G U E

T O
R E D O W A L D, A M A S Q U E. *

WERE it not, Sirs, impossible to find,
A subject suiting ev'ry reader's mind,
A Prologue or a Preface wou'd be vain,
Because we know, that no one wou'd complain ;
And yet, I've seen a well wrote piece go down,
And please (tho' rare) the better half, the town ;
An half-bred prig, to shew superior skill,
That scarce cou'd read, or knew the use of quill,
Has sally'd forth, with envy in his eye,
And spight of fate, wou'd shame itself defy,
And Critic-like, to do the thing he ought,
Wou'd find a beauty, in an errant fault ;
That not enough, to prove himself a fool,
Wou'd murder beauties, by the same rule.

* Written by a young gentleman of sixteen.

Our

Our infant-author hopes his piece may fall
 In better hands, or else in none at all;
 Just from the lap of Genius, bends his way,
 No fam'd Parnassian fields, where Poets stray;
 But finds it cull'd and shorn, a barren field,
 That furnish'd ages, now will hardly yield
 A single shrub, but what we've seen before
 Be-clipt and turn'd, and twin'd into a score.
 Such as they are, he brings to public view,
 And if you find there's old ones with the new,
 Pray tell me, Sir, that famous Poet's name,
 That living bard, that does not do the same.
 If near his neighbour's produce he intrudes,
 For nature's self has her similitudes;
 The self-same thought might strike both you and me,
 And I the last, stand charg'd of piracy.
 You've here in hand, a little moral piece,
 Nor stole from France, nor Italy, nor Greece,
 A child of fancy, nurtur'd by the mind,
 If bad comes on't, I know 'twas well design'd.

THE

T H E
E P I L O G U E

T O
R E D O W A L D, A M A S Q U E.

SHou'd some grave wit our Author's piece decry,
 And damn the plot from meer acerbity;
 Let gentle candour rise and take his part,
 And own, he's shewn more genius than art.
 To write a play, you'll own is no small task,
 Then what must be the labour of a Masque?
 Fancy must aid the Bard, where nature fails,
 And daring Genius muster all her sails;
 Our nonag'd poet unregarding *Time*,
 Slipt from his wing, and tow'ring forth sublime,
 Survey'd the Muses with enraptur'd eyes,
 Ador'd their tracks, and mounted to the skies.—
 Shou'd it be said, ambition was the cause
 That urg'd him first to write;—or vain applause;
 Ere you convict him of a thirst for fame,
 Turn to the title, and find out his name.

S H A K E.

SHAKESPEARE'S JUBILEE,

A

M A S Q U E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLO,
TRAGEDY,
COMEDY,
CERES,
MINERVA,
HECATE,
THREE WITCHES,
OBERON,
FAIRY QUEEN,
PUCK,
A BAND OF FAIRIES,
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF,
CALIBAN,
ATTENDANTS AT THE JUBILEE.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE'S JUBILEE.

Enter Three Witches.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST WITCH.

WELL met, my wayward sisters, once again,
Ye spell-fraught offspring of great SHAKESPEARE'S
brain,
Immortal spirits were we made by him,
Whose fame-beam'd glory, time can never dim.
Let's to his Jubilee with speed repair,
And meet his fav'rite son; for he'll be there.

A I R I.

Tune in Harlequin Sorcerer.

*Over Avon let us flee,
To great Shakespeare's Jubilee,
There in revels, all day long,
Join unseen the mortal throng.
Over Avon, &c.*

SECOND

RECITATIVE.

SECOND WITCH.

Where's Hecate gone?

THIRD WITCH.

At Acheron she waits,
Making secure the tripple-bolted gates
Of dark perdition; where, with fell distraction,
Pale envy raves, with malice and detraction.
Foul-favour'd harpies, happy to destroy
Each deed of merit, and each promis'd joy.

SECOND WITCH.

There let 'em howl and rave till I release 'em,
And fierce Alesto with new tortures tease 'em:
While I upon the wind's swift coursers ride,
Close by the harping Æolus's side.

A I R II.

Tune, *In the Witches*, a Pantomime.

Come, come, come, come, come away.

Let us be merry,

Let no spell our time delay,

But fly the ferry.

We nor pay, or tax, or toll,

No mortal law can us controul.

Then come, come, come, come away. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Oberon, Fairy Queen, Puck, and Band of Fairies.

A I R III.

Tune, Merry Sailors. Slow.

QUEEN.

*Beware the ground,
Look careful round,
If near no deadly reptiles dwell;*

*Let all beware,
The magic snare,
Of hell-born Hecate and her spell.*

C H O R U S.

*Beware the ground,
Look careful round,
If near no deadly reptiles dwell.*

RECITATIVE.

OBERON.

*Prepare, ye elves, my summons all attend,
Your dumb attention for a moment lend;*

VOL. II.

N

The

The mortals all prepare to revel soon,
 And try with lustre to eclipse our moon.
 Great SHAKESPEARE's matchless fame they mean
 to sing,
 Whose spirit often join'd us in the ring;
 When we by moon-light have our gambols play'd,
 Around some haycock, or within some shade.

A I R IV.

Tune, *Allemand in the Masquerade, Drury-lane.*
 Slow.

'Tis now serene,
 We'll trip unseen
 O'er Avon's lovely banks so green,
 All free-cost we,
 At Jubilee;
 Will sip and sip around:

Where some that sup
 Too deep o'th' cup,
 May need a friend to hold 'em up;
 And some fair maid
 May want our aid,
 To save her from the ground.

RECITATIVE.

PUCK.

Before your gracious summons we pursue,
 I'll tell you something odd, and something new ;
 Last night, when half the world was fast asleep,
 I chanc'd into a sot-house club to creep,
 Where taylors, weavers, butchers, bakers, fate,
 Disputing high of politics and state ;
 Here sat a Methodist, a man of blood,
 Who thought no precepts but his own were good.
 There a poor taylor, one of vast persuasion,
 A politician, fond of innovation,
 A very coward, yet he swore he'd fight,
 Before he'd lose one privilege or right.
 He look'd all fierceness, and he talk'd most brave,
 And yet he prov'd himself a fool and slave.
 From morn to night, he sat a muddl'd sot,
 Bound like a vassal, to his score and pot.
 His heart oft gave his fruitless tongue the lie,
 For he lov'd liquor, more than liberty.
 Anon, a vehement debate arose,
 And then I whipp'd across his burning nose ;
 Sometimes I'd tickle him. I love to tease,
 And then, to clear his head, wou'd make him sneeze,

When next, our SHAKESPEARE on the carpet came,
 Tho' all were strangers to his worth and fame ;
 The puritan declar'd, he cou'd not see,
 What cou'd be meant by SHAKESPEARE's Jubilee.
 He thought it impious—avarice betide him,
 He cou'd not bear to see ought go beside him.
 Mankind were too profuse, but hell shou'd stint 'em,
 They'd better bring their mite to Doctor Squintum.
 I saw their minds were dark, and out of spight,
 I was resolv'd to leave them without light ;
 I broke their pipes, and blew their candles out,
 And left them making such a horrid rout,
 Swearing and jolting, one block 'gainst another,
 Each blockhead sell'd his loggerheaded brother ;
 I laugh'd, until my sides were fit to crack,
 Then hi'd me hither on an owlet's back.

QUEEN.

Well didst thou serve them, dull and heady fools,
 Set on, like curs, to be their masters tools.

PUCK.

Where are you bound ?

OBERON.

To yonder flow'ry vale,
 For, hark ! how heavy sings the nightingale,
 That

That from her harsh and melancholy lay,
 She sees some token of approaching day.
 The cowslip, daisy, and the daffodil,
 Begin t'appear on yonder verdant hill,
 Let's deck ourselves, before the early bee
 Bereaves them of their precious quality.

PUCK.

Well, by the way I'll drink, or else I choak,
 With last night's heat and stink, its noise and smoke.

A I R V.

Tune, The May-blown Flower.

*I'll drink a draught of crystal dew,
 And dye it of a purple hue,
 All pleasing to the eye;
 For in't a bilberry I'll squeeze,
 The nicest appetite to please,
 Then strait to Stratford hie.*

N 3

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

OBERON.

I'll lead the way, o'er some smooth moss-grown walk,
Where stone nor stubble shall our journey balk.

A I R VI.

Tune, *In the Elopement.* Bradshaw's Warehouse.

*Follow, follow, follow me,
Over lake, and over lea,
No fen shall stink, no bramble tear,
No foul contagion reign in air,
But gentle spirits like ourselves,
Little, harmless, airy elves.
Shall salute us heartily,
As we pass them merrily.*

[Puck going.]

RECITATIVE.

QUEEN.

Stay, stay, good Puck, awhile; methinks I see,
Coming this way, a massy prodigy,

OBERON.

OBERON.

A Firkin sure, but he'll afford some sport,
And entertain awhile, our Fairy court.

PUCK.

'Tis fat old Jack, a most diverting knave,
'Tis Falstaff, charm-call'd from his quiet grave.

OBERON.

'Tis even so, a thirsty, greedy Jack,
I trust he comes to surfeit with our sack.
To it he brings an appetite most keen,
We'll talk of sack, but we'll remain unseen,
Poor monster, how he puffs and pants for breath,
He's had a sturdy struggle sure with death.

Enter Falstaff, yawning.

FALSTAFF.

I've had a swinging nap, or was I dead?
It seems most like it, by my fear and dread.
Cold as an icicle, dry as a toast,
Am I Jack Falstaff, or Jack Falstaff's ghost?

PUCK.

PUCK.

Thou'rt not Jack Falstaff, no, thou'rt but a Jack, †
Eat up with lust, and craving still for sack.

FALSTAFF.

What puny whistler in the wind art thou?
Who fain wou'd chatter, but asham'd to shew
Thy beastly self, because thy graceless shape,
Too much, perhaps, resembles that of ape.
Why Hal! Why Page! Why Bardolph?

OBBERON.

They're asleep,
Where worms and maggots o'er their ashes creep,
As they do thine, altho' thy sprite's releas'd,
To pay attendance at thy master's feast.
Brought by his genius from thy mould'ring cell.

FALSTAFF.

To know the fate of heav'n or of hell!

† See Henry IV. Part I.

Zounds!

Zounds! how I quiver, Percy, were he here,
 Could not have fill'd me half so full of fear.
 Why did they send for me? Wou'd I were back.

PUCK.

You'd better stay, and here carouse with sack;
 Anon you'll see the sumptuous table spread,
 Good sack in plenty on the sideboard laid,
 And SHAKESPEARE'S son distinguish'd at the
 head. }

FALSTAFF.

Rare, by the gods, why this my lads, will do,
 If you but make your goodly saying true.

A I R VII.

QUEEN.

*Come, come, let's haste, let's haste away!
 Behold the golden streaks of day;
 From yonder cottage chimney, look,
 Pillars rise of curling smoke,
 And dispersing into air,
 Tell, some early housewife's there.
 Trip it, trip it hastily,
 Follow Oberon and me.*

RECIT-

RECITATIVE.

FALSTAFF.

What are you gone without me ? hip ! hillo !
 Let's have a look at you before you go.
 Well, Jack ! and what art then to think of this ?
 Their invitation true, was not amiss.
 Upon the whole, too, they are plaguy civil,
 But that's a trick, us'd sometimes by the devil :
 Whene'er he wants to gain some potent end,
 He'll wheedle, and profess himself a friend ;
 Let them be devils then, as I'm old Jack,
 I'll not refuse—if devils offer sack.

A I R VIII.

Tune, *Queen Mab*. Pantaloon's locking up of
 Columbine.

*Were they from the devil,
 Let 'em be but civil ;
 Yes, will I smack,
 Their dainty sack,
 And drink what they please :*

Let

*Let 'em only try me,
And with sack supply me,
I'll be all day
Most blith and gay,
And browse at my ease.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Hecate and Three Witches.

RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

Welcome! thou shalt a guest most welcome be,
And join with us in mirth and revelry!
Receive our son, and instantly make room,
To take this visitor across your broom.

[Falstaff shews great fear.]

A I R IX.

*Assemble, assemble, assemble,
Ye airy spirits, blith and nimble,
Ye mortals briskly run;*

For

*For hark ! the trumpets loudly sounding,
From heaven to the earth resounding,
Proclaim the feast begun.*

[They endeavour to get Falstaff across the broom.

RECITATIVE.

FALSTAFF.

Out, out, ye old carl-cats ; out, with ye, hags !
Ye imps of old Satan, made up of rags ;
Ride behind you ! by the lord, I'd as soon,
Get up and ride, with a lousy baboon.
Ye faggots of filth ; you,

WITCHES.

Ho, ho, ho, ho ! *[laughing.]*

HECATE.

Come, give him a ride, let him like it or no.

*[They force him across, and fly away with him.
Falstaff cries out.]*

*[Exeunt.
GENIUS*

GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Ascend, grim night, with all thy starry train,
 Spur thy fleet dragons through the dusky air;
 Nor leave one chilling planet now behind,
 But high above the reach of mortal eye,
 Soar to the Zenith; where enwrap in Æther,
 Thou shift'st thy fable vest for heavenly blue.
 Come, grave Aurora, with thy twilight taper,
 Call up the shepherd from his drowsy bed,
 Waken the sleeping groves, bid all the tribe
 Of feather'd songsters rise with harmony
 Unequall'd; fill with airs the rustling groves. —
 Come, Flora, fair industrious maiden, come,
 Open the dewy buds which night had clos'd,
 Wreath thee with garlands, cull'd from ev'ry vale.
 Ascend, great god of day, and o'er the arch
 Spread thy gold streamers, and with thy bright beams
 Drive ev'ry vapour from the moisten'd earth.
 Muse-fam'd Apollo, from thy orient chair,
 Favour yon temple with thy heavenly form;
 Where rosy Cherubs hang in swelling wreaths,
 Where columns rise, of sapphire mixt with gold,
 Plac'd here by mortal hand, in grateful duty
 To thy all-fav'rite son; who view'd thy rays
 With wonder, and the attentive world
 Declar'd the glories of thy happy reign.

THE PROCESSION.

GRAND MARCH IS PLAYED.

NIGHT ascends with a starry mantle, drawn by dragons through the air. **Aurora** with a taper, representing twilight; with garlands of flowers, which blossom in her hands. As she walks gently down the stage, birds are heard to sing, and soft music, as in the air; the rays of the Sun appear in the greatest glory, and the clouds seem all fretted with gold; the light increases, and discovers a magnificent and extensive temple, with Cherubims playing, sitting on festoons and wreaths of flowers, which are twined about most beautiful columns of sapphire and gold. **Apollo** rises as the Sun. **Flora**, with a basket of flowers, and a garland on her head, scattering flowers as she walks along the temple. **Ceres**, decorated with her implements of harvest, and a wreath of corn; **Pomona**, with a cornucopia; **Minerva**, in a chariot of polish'd steel, drawn by lions; **Diana**, with her quiver; **Tragedy** and **Comedy**, in their proper habits, followed by the **Nine Muses**, the **Fairy King** and **Queen**,

Queen, and a Band of Fairies. Witches descend in thunder. Falstaff, Caliban, Pistol, and all SHAKESPEARE's favourite Characters, walk two and two down the temple; Apollo comes forward, his chair rises, reveals a pair of lofty gates, he opens them, and discovers the statue of SHAKESPEARE.

O D E, B Y A P O L L O.

BEGIN, thou fav'rite bard of Thrace,
 Now touch thy golden lyre;
 Assist, ye sweet harmonious race,
 And every breast inspire;
 Let not a sound
 Sink to the ground,
 But notes, like gentle gales arise,
 Charming each attentive ear,
 Raise the smile, or fall the tear,
 And lift the soul above the skies.
 Assist, ye bounteous, ye cœlestial nine,
 To make the joyful chorus all divine.

N. 2

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sound, sound the trump, the trump of Fame;
 Proclaim immortal SHAKESPEARE'S name;
 Around his head the laurel twine,
 Fav'rite of Nature and the Nine.

Sweet Sylvan maids, whose foster strain
 Delights the shepherd's breast;
 Soothing some sad and love-sick swain,
 Or sing his cares to rest;
 Repeat your lays
 To SHAKESPEARE'S praise,
 That sung, like you, of themes of love,
 How this shepherd would admire,
 How that maiden would retire,
 Like the chaste and fleeting dove:
 Sing in the strain that he was wont to do,
 For who, but him, can sing of love like you.
 Sound, sound the trump, &c.

Ye Naiads that in secret glide

Upon the silver wave;

Of Avon's gentle rising tide,

Or in the fountain lave;

And as you float,

With watry note,

Such

Such as the Swan, when dying sings ;
 Do not forget what music hung,
 Upon the Swan of Avon's tongue,
 Whene'r he musing plum'd his wings.—
 To ev'ry river, ev'ry fountain tell,
 This is the Swan of Avon's festival.
 Sound, found the trump, &c.

Ye spirits that reside in air,
 Or in deep caverns dwell,
 Such as boast intentions fair,
 Or fiends from native hell,
 Come hither now,
 Such sprites as owe
 To his creative boundless muse,
 Your existence, birth, and name,
 Come and revel to his fame ;
 Let Hecate e'ry charm diffuse.
 What mortal, sprite, or Fairy can deny,
 To sing their master's immortality?

C H O R U S.

Sound, found the trump, the trump of Fame,
 Proclaim immortal SHAKESPEARE's name ;
 Around his head the laurel twine,
 Fav'rite of Nature and the Nine.

A N E P I G R A M

O N

A N U G L Y L A D Y,

Who thought herself handsome, and who often
 made use of a common piece of finesse peculiar
 to pretty women: "HOW CAN YOU SAY I'M
 "PRETTY?"

CELINDA is ugly, pretends oft to know it,
 But she thinks, that she's handsome, and often will
 show it;
 If you tell her she's handsome, she'll say, how you
 flatter,
 She'd wish to be taller, and fairer, and fatter;
 But shou'd you still further in converse proceed,
 And talk of a nymph, that is handsome indeed,
 She'll soon shew her mind, which you plainly may
 see,
 She thinks there's no creature, so handsome as she.

THE

AN EPICRAM

Who thought me with a common-piece of flesh peculiar
To fifty women, now can you say I'm

OLD WOMEN WEATHERWISE;

CELESTIA, a girl, pretends off to know it,
But she thinks, that old women's wisdom, and often will
show it.

If you tell her the weather, she'll say, how you

INTERLUDE.

But should you tell her to converse proceed,
And talk of weather, that is wisdom indeed,
Still look she at you, which you plainly may

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CRAMP.

TWITCH.

RHEUM.

Oh! very dirty, very dirty.

Twitche!

T H E
OLD WOMEN WEATHERWISE.

Enter Twitch and Cramp.

TWITCH.

GOOD-morrow neighbour, how do you do?

CRAMP.

Good-morrow, goody Twitch, to you.

TWITCH.

'Tis sorry weather, neighbour Cramp.

CRAMP.

Ah! very dirty, very damp.

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

By the gnawing in my shoulder,
Before we are a fortnight older,
I fear, we worse and worse shall see.

CRAMP.

Ah! that we shall, for my poor knee
Twitches and throbs, and gives me pain;
Depend upon't, it brings us rain.

TWITCH.

Nay, I must differ from you there;
I rather think, it will be fair;
For, by the burning in my toe,
And by this corn of mine—oh!—oh!—
Good lack a-day! it makes me sweat—
Oh! the burning and the heat!
Besides, my cat so whisk'd about,
Up stairs and down, made such a rout—
And that's a sign, I always find,
That brings us either frost or wind.

CRAMP.

CRAMP.

My cat for all the world's as strange,
Whene'er the weather's 'bout to change,
Makes such a racket, and a squalling,
Just like Italian catawawling.

TWITCH.

Pray tell me, Goody, how is that?

CRAMP.

Why, don't I tell you?—like a cat.
I'll tell you how, at least, I'll try.—
A long-legg'd fellow, fix foot high,
I heard once finging on a stage,
I swear, it set me in a rage,
To see a man, so fine and tall,
Have such a movement, and a squal.

TWITCH.

Well, I, methinks, shou'd like to hear 'em.

CRAMP.

O lud-a-mercy, I can't bear 'em.

You've

You've heard the story, I do not doubt,
Where puffy makes a horrid rout,
About her tail,

TWITCH.

No, not a word on't,
I don't remember, to have heard on't.

CRAMP.

Then I'm sure, 'twill make you smile,
For it's the true Italian stile,
And I will try to squal it you,
Just as the male Italians do.

S O N G.

*Poor Pufs was once at frisky play,
Upon a high and windy day;
She wisk'd up stairs, then round the floor,
And then she'd hurry out o'th' door;
The wind blew to the door at lust,
And caught her by the tail so fast,
She scream'd, she squall'd,
She scratch'd, she bawl'd,
She spit, she swore, and 'gan to rail,
But with her fury, left her tail.*

God

God send a change, then, very soon !
 And, if we judge it by the Moon,
 The new one which appear'd last night,
 Lay on her back, and shone so bright,
 That, I assure you, on my word,
 She look'd as sharp, as any sword.

TWITCH.

What says old Sodo ?—he has learning,
 And, has, beside, a quick discerning ;
 He soon cou'd tell, shou'd he but look
 Into his fortune-telling book.

CRAMP.

I saw him, scarce three nights ago ;
 But then he terrify'd me so,
 I cou'd not rest all night in bed,
 His story ran so in my head.
 Sometimes he call'd the Moon a punk,
 And said, that Neptune made her drunk,
 And that she tippl'd greedily,
 Upon the spring-tides of the sea ;——
 One night (this great fore-teller said)
 The Moon was getting into bed,

And in her reelings, had the lot,
To break her crystal chamber-pot;
That, he attributes one great reason,
Why we have had so wet a season.

TWITCH.

Nay, I myself have seen her rise,
With sanguine nose, and blood-shot eyes!
Sometimes, indeed, I've seen her shroud
Her head in shame, behind a cloud.——
Say, what's the reason?—

CRAMP.

Why, I think,
As Sodo says, the Moon must drink.

TWITCH.

If that indeed, shou'd be the case,
I think she's wife, to hide her face.

SONG.

S O N G.

*All things in nature, nay, all kind of people,
 Are apt oftentimes, to thirst and to tipples;
 The finick and frible you always will see,
 Sit over their coffee, cat-lap, or tea;
 And the clown will regale,
 O'er his noggin of ale;
 Pray then, why shou'd not we,
 Since we find it agree,
 Regale on a dram, that at once will expell,
 The spleen and the cholic, whenever they rebel.*

CRAMP.

Once I remember, it was told,
 When I was scarcely nine years old;
 The earth had been all flooded o'er,
 For six and thirty days, and more;
 'Twas the opinion of the wise,
 Who knew the motion of the skies,
 The Moon had turn'd her turvy-toppy,
 And drank herself into a dropsy;
 The reasons given, were most various;
 Some said the archer Sagittarius,

As he one night was passing by,
 He let a bearded arrow fly ;
 And to this day, some folks will tell ye,
 He hit the Moon plump in the belly ;
 Which tapping her, for five weeks a'ter,
 She teem'd upon the earth, her water.
 Others gave it out, it was her grief,
 And that suits most with my belief ;
 For now, too plainly it appears,
 She means to drown us with her tears.

TWITCH.

But here comes neighbour Rheum, I vow,
 Who wears a very thoughtful brow ;
 I wonder where my lady's been,
 She shakes her head ; what can she mean ?

Enter Rheum.

RHEUM.

Goodies, I'm glad to see ye——
 Health and happiness be wi'ye !

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

What news? what news!

RHEUM.

Sad news, alas!

If what I've heard, shou'd come to pass.

CRAMP.

What have you heard?

RHEUM.

Nay, I've seen,

A wonder, where I lately been;

For, coming home, at twelve last night,

I saw a most alarming sight;

No good to this world it portends—

No—that I can assure ye friends.—

TWITCH.

Good lack! you speak and look so bitter,

It sets me in a horrid twitter;

My toothless gums together chatter,
I want, yet fear, to know the matter.

RHEUM.

Well, well,—I'll tell ye all about it—
I'll tell ye truth—ye need not doubt it.—
Last night I saw a flaming Comet!

CRAMP.

Good gracious heav'n keep us from it!

TWITCH.

A Comet!—Pray, what says our friend?

RHEUM.

He says the world is near an end:
And I believe his saying's right—
Oh! what a striking, awful sight!
For such a swinging tail it bore,
I never saw the like before.
Nay more—he says.—(but that between us)—
'Twill swinge the bum of madam Venus!

And

And what is worse—we're all undone—
'Twill tumble us into the sun.

TWITCH.

Have mercy on us all, I say,
And grant, we ne'er may see that day!

RHEUM.

Nay, ye have further ills to fear,
Last night I saw such signs appear,
Such fights, as I ne'er saw before,
And hope, I ne'er shall see 'em more;
Such strange convulsions in the air,
Nay, as I live, I do declare,
I saw whole armies by the ears,
Clashing their shining swords and spears,
Such streams of blood ran down the sky—
Well may you wonder; 'tis no lie;
I had not well o'ercome the shock,
But freight I heard of *Portsmouth Dock*. †

† Alluding to its lately been set on fire.

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

Indeed, indeed, we've cause to fear,
When Comets and such things appear;
They're seldom seen, but at a season,
Big with civil strife and treason;
That season, I'm afraid, is come,
Which soon will put a final doom
To poor old England's happiness,
And leave us beggar'd in distress.

CRAMP.

Before that time, it does infer,
There'll be a bustle and a stir;
Harsh words will pass, and high debate,
Between the multitude and state.

BREUM.

Few nights ago (like Jonny Bunyan)
After eating of an onion,
Nature chanc'd, as 'twere to sleep
My senses in lethargic sleep,
I dream't the Sun had got a spot,

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

Oh ! that's another powder-plot.

RHEUM.

But yet, I dreamt a stranger thing,
I thought, I saw a headless king.

TWITCH.

Oh ! that's the very worst of dreams,
The Sun of England's lost his beams.

RHEUM.

Dames, list awhile, and you shall hear,
While all these wonders now appear ;
In nature, all things have their season,
And nothing *is*, without some reason.
The mightiest States, nay Kings and all,
Have had, you know, their rise and fall.
Nature will not brook obstruction,
So must the world soon meet destruction.
It, by the almanack appears,
The world has been six thousand years,

In

In one vast progressive state,
And we shall be or soon or late—

CRAMP.

Brought to some horrible conclusion,
Some awful hurly and confusion.

RHEUM.

Nay, goodies, goodies, I implore ye,
Let me go on with my story:
Our summer's over, you will say,

TWITCH.

That is past, this many a-day,

RHEUM.

The autumn next, these days we'll call,
For 'tis too clear, we're in the fall.
Europe can boast more mighty things,
More popes, more priests, more laws, more kings,
Nay, I might add, it boasts more pride,
Than all the wicked world beside,

But

But now it's in a state supine,
And in a galloping decline.
So, at the last, we shall be hurl'd
From this same winter of the world,
Into one vast and dread migration.

CRAMP.

We're in a horrid situation.

TWITCH.

Oh! dreadful, and distressing thought,
Oh! wicked world, great is thy fault.
I always said, and you'll agree,
Whatever happen'd, was to be.

RHEUM.

And we shall see, too sure a doom,
What is to be, will surely come.

CRAMP.

Oh your prognostication's right,
What is not wrong, of course is right ;

So

So we shall soon meet some transition,
Either to glory, or perdition.

RHEUM.

Methinks, we hold this theme too long,
What say ye, goodies, to a song.

CRAMP.

With all my heart ; and I'll begin,
Tho' now I sing not worth a pin.

S O N G.

O lack-a-day ! O lack-a-day !

What shall I do, what shall I say ?

Come, never think,

But let us drink,

'Till we have wash'd our sins away.

Then let it snow,

Or let it blow,

[pulls a bottle out of her pocket.

When we are lin'd with brandy O !

For if we die,

'Twixt you and I,

We have a weary jaunt to go.

[they dance the hays, and then all drink.

RHEUM.

RHEUM.

When the horrors grow too strong,
There's nothing kills 'm like a song.

CRAMP.

When song and dance will not prevail,
And all your wise prescriptions fail—

TWITCH.

At such a time, 'tis very handy,
To have hard by, a little brandy.

S O N G.

TWITCH, with the bottle in her hand.

Wet the other eye,

Wet the other eye,

Let's be jolly,

Melancholly

Is a folly;

Then refrain—

'Tis in vain

To complain,

Let us wet the other eye.

[drinks.

Wou'd I had liv'd in David's days,
 Or when the pious poet says
 The priests were wont their horns to blow—

RHEUM.

Ah! we had been in heaven now!

S O N G.

*Psha! psha! what does it signify,
 Whether to-day or to-morrow it prove;
 Since we are all of us sure to die,
 Let us enjoy the passion we love.*

*Come let's have a noggin, my Goodies, a noggin,
 Come let's have a noggin to cheer up the heart;
 Give me a good cordial, for we must be jogging,
 Let's toss off a bumper before we depart.*

[*Exeunt singing.*]

N. B. At the conclusion of every song, they
 amble the hays together, to the tune they
 have sung.

T O A F R I E N D,

Who seem'd to have a pleasure of conferring his
favours on the Author, but a greater, in telling
him of them.

I Wrote a letter long ago,
But did not like it, you must know,
So rather chose to take my time,
And write my own defence in rhyme,
Though not in your be-crabb'd stile,
To spatter, threaten, and revile;
Nor with a cruel aggravation,
Remind you of each obligation.

Tho' Fortune, (may the devil have her)
Ne'er gave it, me, to do a favour,
Never dropt an ingot at my door,
But kept me ever, ever poor.
What matters then all inclination,
It is the deed gets reputation;
The *heart*, the *will*, are both as noughr,
The poor must always be in fault,
And if, when wrong'd, he makes defence,
Each word is constru'd insolence.

His obligations may enslave him,
 But all his truth can never save him.
 Two at a time, was it not hard?
 Lashing away at one poor bard,
 In whipcord rhimes, enough to flea,
 A puny, thin-skinn'd scribe like me.
 Howe'er, I rest, *with this content*,
 I'm of your charges innocent,
 And shou'd your friendship me forsake,
 I will one observation make;
 Where fortune smiles not, friendship's weak,
 The slightest fault the chain will break;
 In doing good we soon are tir'd,
 Except by interest we are hir'd,
 Lest to some gain our labours point,
 Friendship is soon put out of joint:
 It is in nature, not in you,
 And with us from the cradle grew;
 I do not say, that you're to blame,
 For I myself might prove the same,
 Had I, as you did, ev'ry day,
 Thrown some advantage in your way,
 I might have sicken'd at the thought,
 To be too kind, may be a fault.

† Received two letters at once.

By

By some I'm flatter'd, some carels'd,
 I stand a tiptoe with the best.
 To say I want, wou'd not be true,
 I eat and drink, as well as you,
 And have by far a greater share
 Of wholesome ale, and wholesome air;
 Wines of the best, each day I drink,
 I can't be badly off I think.

Although your lines were harsh and rude,
 You ne'er shall say, ingratitude
 Inherits any part of me,
 'Till I have lost my memory.
 I know you fear'd nor sun nor shower,
 To do what service in your power;
 It wou'd be worldly, base, unkind,
 To shut such actions from my mind;
 Tho' *poor*, I find, that ev'ry day,
 Throws some new friend into my way,
 And tho' they wish, and treat me well,
 They ne'er shall make my heart rebel
 Against a M——s or a R——e,
 For all the gewgaws of the globe.
 Then let not meer conjecture breed
 Her airy crimes, 'tis hard indeed,

Beneath imagin'd ills to groan,
 Which fancy's fertile hand has sown,
 For in good faith, I shou'd not choose
 So old and rough a friend to loose :
 Howe'er tenacious I may be,
 Rebukes appear less harm in thee,
 Because I know, thy only aim,
 Was to have handed me to fame.

Enough of this, I hope an answer,
 Without abuse too, if you can fir.

O N

RECEIVING SOME COMPLIMENTARY
 VERSES FROM A LADY.

ALETHEA, with my muse I send,
 Happy to have so fair a friend,
 And since you say, you like my rhyme,
 I'm glad, the day will give me time,
 To jingle out my numbers rude,
 From duty and from gratitude.
 Happy, my B—t—ll, here, to tell,
 I like my correspondence well,

Thy

Thy taste for Clio, and for letters,
 Will set thee far above thy betters,
 Or those, the world our betters call,
 Whose fortune is their boasted *all*,
 Whose fortunes do at once controul
 The dearest passions of the soul;
 But those who've nothing else to boast,
 Are lucky blockheads at the most;
 For ever to their wealth a slave,
 And creep unheeded to the grave;
 No friend behind they leave to tell,
 They ever thought or acted well,
 Or that they one good day enjoy'd,
 In manly sentiment employ'd.
 Are we not then far richer, say,
 Who seldom pass a single day,
 Without a social friendly hour,
 When sprightly fancy oft will tow'r
 Above the reach of vulgar bliss,
 And reason into happiness,
 Employ that reason we have given,
 From fertile nature, and from heav'n.
 Then let us, B—t—ll, spend our time,
 In easy converse, and in rhyme,
 True friendship never can be sold,
 It stronger grows, as it grows old.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

On having received a compliment, on account of
the publication of a new Burletta.

YES, Patrick is an Irishman, indeed,
There's few, like him, in compliment succeed,
He prais'd my piece, and said, 'twas full of spirit,
Had my Musician shewn a spark of merit,
It must have run full twenty nights or more,
Had not the music been so flat and poor:
I scarce had left the puppy half an hour,
Before my good Musician (rather four)
For I before had told him what was said,
Which had some small resentment in him bred,
But Patrick 'gan to praise, in diff'rent stile,
He now began the poet to revile,
Said, had the verse been equal to his sounds,
He must have clear'd a good five hundred pounds;
He thank'd the blockhead for his taste and feeling,
But curst him in his heart, for *double-dealing*.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM,

ON A
DRUNKEN MAN AND A FISH-WOMAN.

A Fish-woman once, with a kit on her head,
Pickle-Salmon was selling, to buy her some bread,
Tom Guzzle was drunk, and he dealt for a pound,
He had not well bought it, before that he found,
The Salmon was dry, and quite without liquor;
He threw back his bargain, and swore he wou'd
kick her :

Hold, hold, said the woman, pray be not so rough,
Tho' your *Salmon* was dry, you've *liquor* enough,
I wonder, indeed Sir, to find you so fickle,
For *you* seem to be in a very fine *pickle* ;
I've seen pickle-falmon, an hundred or more,
But ne'er saw a goose so well *pickl'd* before.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM.

MODERN GENTLEMAN.

YOUNG Trifle, a fop and a ratling rake,
 Resolved last summer, a journey to take;
 He'd travell'd thro' France, and had got into Spain,
 Took it then in his head, to turn back again,
 Was met, unexpected, by one in the Strand,
 Whom he strutted up to, and took by the hand,
 Ha, ha, said his friend, is it you, my boy Jack?
 What fortune of *war*, pray, has driven you back?
Plague on you, I thought you at Rome or the Hague.
 I shou'd have been there, but for *war* and the *plague*,
 So my country I visit, as I wou'd a friend,
 From whom I wou'd wish to obtain some good end.

O N P L E A S U R E

CLAD in her orient vest behold,
 Like Phœbus in the morn,
 Fair Pleasure with her crown of gold,
 The maiden, Hope adorn.

Upon a throne of sapphire bright,
 The envy'd nymph appears,
 For her, old Nox oft yields to light,
 And Time calls back his years.

Gay Vanity, her handmaid, stands,
 All smiling by her side,
 And Folly claps his baby-hands,
 The son of wealth and pride.

Dull prodigals her nectar sip,
 Nor see her dark decoys,
 She holds her honey to their lip,
 But soon, too soon destroys.

Oft near some maiden's glass conceal'd,
 Where perfume fills the room,
 She makes kind nature often yield,
 And gives a poison'd bloom.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

ON

A T I P P L E R.

TRAFFICK, a low but wealthy sot,
 Had made too free with porter-pot,
 He wish'd himself asleep in bed,
 But fear'd his wife wou'd comb his head
 She was a very rough physician,
 Whene'er he was in that condition.—
 A comrade told him with a jeer,
 Your legs won't bear you home, I fear;
 Why then I'll trust to my good *porter*,
 For he's an excellent supporter.
 Your *porter's* good, that I'll allow,
 But he's, I fear, your *master* now;
 If you use your slave too free,
 He'll treat you oft contemptuously;
 Whene'er he finds his master reels,
 He sometimes will trip up his heels.

ON

T H E C O B L E R

A N D

H I S C R E D I T O R S.

AN honest Cobler and his wife,
 Who never had a moment's strife,
 Industrious, honest, yet so poor,
 They cou'd not keep the wolf from door,
 In spite of all their care and pains,
 Heavy their labour, small their gains ;
 Great his *soul*, little was his *all*,
 A true attendant on his stall,
 Save, now and then, perhaps he'd hug,
 With too much zeal, the alehouse mug ;
 When thoughts grew heavy, always found,
 To make them lighter, was to drown'd,
 And in good draughts of wholesome beer,
 To bury all his load of care.
 His brats wou'd oft make much ado,
 This wanted stockings, that a shoe ;
 He found his troubles daily grew,
 'Spite what he cou'd say or do,

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His

His wife from morn to night wou'd scrub,
 Her knuckles bare at washing tub;
 She hop'd her troubles soon wou'd end,
 If fortune once wou'd prove her friend,
 Her hopes oft made her seem to bear
 Her troubles with a better air
 Than she wou'd otherwise have shown,
 Had not she her reasons known.
 For she by Gypsies had been told,
 Her coffers shou'd be lin'd with gold,
 And she had often lucky been,
 When at fair or wake she's seen,
 The raffle-stand, or chanc'd to draw
 The longest, and the lucky straw.*
 For eight long years she'd made a hoard,
 And hid it underneath a board,
 That Time had loosen'd in the floor,
 On purpose to receive the store;
 Unknown to Snob, for she was sly,
 She weekly put a tester by,
 Till she had sav'd ten guineas bright,
 She thought they shone a lovely sight;

* To draw the straw is a method made use of in some countries, in raffling, to determine the prizes, which often is a metal punch-ladle, spoon, knife and fork, &c.

It made her heart ach oft to think,
 Of risking all her pretty chink,
 Which she so oft with joy beheld,
 When they with hope her heart have fill'd,
 But as her luck had oft been kind,
 She still resolv'd to hold her mind;
 Resolv'd her fortune soon to try,
 So enter'd in the lottery.
 But from that day no rest she had,
 Her husband often thought her mad,
 He ne'er a night went up the stairs,
 But found his pious wife at prayers;
 Saint *Whitfield* had been preaching there,*
 Which fill'd the Cocker full of fear;
 He begg'd, from praying she'd desist,
 He thought her turn'd a Methodist.
 A Methodist! she made reply,
 I've other methods in my eye,
 Think you, such fellows can exhort one,
 I'm praying to my mistress, Fortune.
 Ah, you may kneel, and you may pray,
 She'll never mind a word you say;
 Pray, pray to God to send us bread,
 And don't get Fortune in your head,

* He had preached upon the Common.

A fickle, partial, flaunting jade,
 She seldom lends the poor her aid.
 Lord bless you, man, you talk so odd,
 Pray, does not fortune come from God;
 It is to him, from day to day,
 To him I do for fortune pray.

One day Snob sat at alehouse-door,
 For he had got a plaguy score,
 He did not care to venture in,
 The white-chalk'd lines made such a grin;
 He wish'd he cou'd the score erase,
 It star'd so grimly in his face;
 He call'd a pint, it was refus'd him,
 The hostess threaten'd and abus'd him;
 In vain all pleading now to her,
 What matter'd his being customer;
 What tho' he many pounds had paid,
 Nothing wou'd pacify the jade,
 All obligations she forgot,
 Whene'er he ow'd her for a pot.—
 He much lamented his condition,
 Yet he had not the least suspicion,
 That she'd a catchpole near, in waiting,
 While they the matter were debating,

He

He now began, enrag'd, to scold her,
 But streight felt some one tap his shoulder,
 Then turn'd around, quite stiff with wonder,
 As if he had been struck with thunder;
 He pleaded wife and family,
 His hostess wou'd hear no reply,
 Av'rice did her breast controul,
 She'd no compassion in her soul;
 The catchpole said he cou'd not stay,
 And wou'd have hurry'd Snob away,
 Had not his wife come, with a Spark,
 Full of his scrapes, a broker's clerk;
 She 'gan to hug him, and she cries,
 My ticket, Snob, is come a prize!
 Psha, what the devil, are you mad?
 Cry'd Snob, you fool, you never had
 A ticket in your life, not you.
 Indeed, good Sir, her saying's true
 The Clerk reply'd, ten thousand pounds,
 This day was drawn her prize: Odsounds,
 My boy, if what you say be true,
 Good hostess, I'll be one with you.
 'Tis true enough, for here behold,
 The weighty bags of shining gold.
 The hostess all confus'd appear'd,
 When she the confirmation heard,

Wou'd made believe too, if she cou'd,
 She meant to do it for his good;
 But all her coaxing wou'd not do;
 He paid the score, the bailiff too:
 Now, huzzy, you may shut the door,
 Your house I'll never enter more,
 I'll sue you for your insolence,
 That shall be my sole pretence;
 Whene'er I visit you again,
 You shall *you scoundrel* then explain.
 He kiss'd his wife, and then sat out,
 To know, how it cou'd come about.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

FEMALE VIRAGO AND ACTRESS.

DAME C—ve, one day, her Mantua-maker met,
 As she chanc'd turn the corner of a street;
 She said, her gown was unbecoming made,
 Then call'd her stupid dowdy, cheating jade.
 The woman told her she'd a hellish spirit,
 And thought, no creature but herself had merit.
 C—ve then reply'd, with an indignant pout,
 You see, you b—ch, I throw my *spirit* out;
 The other cry'd, I keep my *spirit* in;
 And so you ought, cry'd C—ve, for yours is *Gin*.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,
ON A

SPENDTHRIFT AND A HYPOCRITE.

OLD Pierrot oft complaineth that he's poor,
And poor, the blockhead always ought to be,
He gambles much, his daughter plays the whore,
His wife she drinks until she scarce can see.

Then Perriot, cease to beg and to complain,
Nor let thy self-made mis'ry yearly fall,
Upon thy kind deluded friends again,
If thou had'st mints, *old dice* wou'd have 'em all.

Is't not enough, that full of trick and sin,
Thou play'st the fool and knave upon the stage,
But must thou try to take *compassion* in,
By pleading injur'd *honesty* and *age*.

THE BANKS OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF A SCOTCH BALLAD.

I.

WHY turns my Jen her head awa,
My little blythsome sparrow,
That us'd to wanton, smile and play
Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

II.

When the primrose blow'd so pale,
She look'd so winsome marrow,
And with her smiles she chear'd the dale,
And crown'd the Banks of Yarrow.

III.

Ah, what is't makes my Jenny weep,
What makes her looks aw farrow,
Has she lost her fav'rite sheep,
That feed on bonny Yarrow.

IV.

IV.

Alas, alas, I mainly fear,
 The cause of aw this farrow,
 Sh'as seen some other lād more dear,
 Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

V.

Ah well is me, Ah well-aday!
 I see what caus'd this farrow,
 I'll o'er the hills and far away,
 And think na mare of Yarrow.

E P I G R A M,

ON LE FEVRE'S CURING THE GOUT.

OLD Guttle, one morning, was making a rout,
 And grinn'd with the pangs of the tort'ring gout,
 Nurse talk'd of a cure; but he would not believe
 her;

She told him, the gout was now cur'd by a *Fever*.
 Then I'll keep the gout, madam Nurse, if you
 please,

Your remedy's worse than my present disease.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

On a Lady, who had left the Picture of her favourite child at the Frame-makers.

Mother Dote, in a pet, at the Frame-makers
call'd,

At the foot of the stairs, for the master she bawl'd;
She no sooner beheld him, before she began,
To call him a shuffling, indolent man,
Said, the child had been framing these nine months
or more ;

A friend who was waiting for Ma'am at the door,
Had a mind to be witty, so made for reply,
With an air of conceit, and significant eye,
If the child has been *framing* these *nine months*, I
vow,

It is time the poor thing was *delivered* now.

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

O N

An affected and supercilious Poetaster, who seldom
spoke in company.

ARE you a *Bard*, cry'd Doll? I thought to see,
A man like you, much better company;
Spinrhime reply'd, I seldom *talk*; but think;
My pen I dip in *gall*, and talk in *ink*!
Your thoughts you talk away, they're dull and
cold,

My thoughts are rich and warm, and *turn to gold*.
Doll now retorted somewhat in a rage,
Ah, that reflects upon our *tasteless age*.

6 MA 50

T H E E N D.

M

who seldom

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